THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 74. PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT No. 726 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1894. FIVE CENTS A COPY. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE No. 2

HOW IT WAS.

BY F. E. P.

This was the way her youth went:—
  Care and love for a motherless brood
  Drained her heart of its fiery blood;
  Small denials, unfinished things,
  Blunted ardor and clipped her wings.
That is the way her youth went.

This is the way her love went:—
  Then came the hope which maidens prize,
  A woman's longing for closer ties
  Than love adopted, though close it be;
  But duty spoke, and she made no plea.
That is the way her love went.

After a season of pain, 'twas done,
  The calm, pale face in its coffin lay;
  But far and wide in the realms of day
  The angels shouted to greet her home,
  And Heaven was happier now she had come.
That is the way her life went.

BROUGHT TO BAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARJORY DAW," "HIS WEDDED WIFE," ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

LORD HAMPSHIRE waited for a moments before he spoke again, then he asked gently yet deliberately—

"What is the exact state of feeling between yourself and your father's wife?"

Jane did not answer immediately—not because it was a hard question, but because it was so easy.

"I fear," she said, her voice low and not very steady—"I fear, Lord Hampshire, that the feeling you speak of cannot be called good. I do not quite know how this has come about. Perhaps I have done as much to merit Lady Ludlowe's dislike as she has done to merit my sorrowful amazement, to hurt my heart. I do not know; I cannot tell. I only know what is. I have learnt so much," she went on quickly after a pause—"oh, so much in the past year! You cannot think how little I knew a year ago, Lord Hampshire. I was so happy—so very, very happy! Now it seems to me as if I could never have greater sorrow or know deeper suffering than has come to me in the year that has gone; and the coldness, the want of sympathy, the determined misunderstanding that exists between my father's wife and myself is not the least of my troubles." Jane broke off with a sigh and was silent a moment, then continued gently, "I would do anything in my power, and do it gladly, if I thought I should succeed in altering this; but I know it is impossible—quite, quite impossible. I might try all my life, but I should always fail. Lady Ludlowe's mind is set; she does not like me—she never will."

"And the cause—can you not gather the cause of such a strange, such an unjust dislike?" he asked gently.

Jane shook her head.

"I shall never know," she replied wearily. "I suppose I am antipathetic to Lady Ludlowe. There seems to me no other reason."

He looked through the dusk at her bowed head.

"My little child," he said tenderly to himself, "my innocent little one—and you never give thought to the beauty of those eyes, to the subtle power of your smile! They have no existence for you. You do not know what they can mean to a woman like Cynthia, my poor tired little blossom, my little love!"

He started violently, the hot blood rushed to his face and thrilled his veins, he was half dazed by the sensation that followed that unconscious confession; and yet even in the bewilderment of the moment he knew it was no passing phase of feeling—he knew the truth that lay in his heart.

Jane went on speaking a little wearily yet gently.

"Now you see I have treated you as a real friend, Lord Hampshire—I have told all about my troubles. I don't suppose they will seem very big ones to you, but they are very heavy to me sometimes." She broke off abruptly, then added, "But nothing is so dreadful as the thought of the future. Oh," she exclaimed, in a tone of mingled yearning and despair—"oh, I could bear it all and more, a hundred times more, if only I could keep him with me! Oh, I love him, I love him! And to sit and watch him waste away, to see his dear face grow thinner and thinner, to feel the beat of his heart more feeble each morning, to know that soon—soon——" She broke off again with a sob, then rose suddenly and walked away a few steps, convulsed with grief. The next moment however she had conquered herself and was again at his side.

He had risen too, but he had not followed her. He could not see her very clearly, for there were tears in his eyes and a yearning in his heart that equalled hers. As she suddenly laid bare before him the desolation that would come upon her when she was bereft of the father whom she so dearly loved, so he in his turn recognized the complete desolation of heart and life that must stretch before him if this girl were set for ever beyond his reach. At that moment he was perfectly free from that first unworthiness which had led him to enter so deliberately into her young life. It was love that filled his heart—love in its purest, noblest form. It was a new love—a love that he had never known before. It was not a love of passion, of unrest, of excitement; it was a love of reverence, of highest emotions; it was a love that had power to lift him out of the mire of base hopes, of mean thoughts, of despicable desires into which he had almost sunk; it was a love that could consecrate the poorest, the humblest corner of this earth, it was true love, and it had come to him in all its incomprehensible sweetness and beauty suddenly, swiftly, yet most surely.

Jane put out her hand involuntarily.

"Please forgive me, Lord Hampshire," she said unsteadily, but with an effort to thrust her agitation and anguish far from her; "I—I don't often forget myself now. It used to be so very hard not to forget, but time has helped me; and I can even sometimes lose my own regret in remembering that what will be so terrible to me may perhaps—who knows?—be a great release, a great happiness to him. It is easy to be selfish even in our deepest sorrows."

He had taken her outstretched hand; his fingers closed about it, clinging to it as to the most precious of all things earthly.

"You are good to me," he rejoined; "you trust me; you speak from your heart to me. You do not know what happiness you give me; you cannot know what a joy it is to me to realize your faith in—in my friendship—to realize that you hold me worthy to share your sorrows!"

The girl quivered beneath the passionate tenderness of his words; she was moved as the tender flower is stirred by the warm sun-kissed wind. She did not understand it fully, but she was conscious of something akin to a great happiness which came creeping most strangely into her saddened heart. She did not draw her hand away from him; it was such a comfort to feel his warm strong clasp.

"It is you who are good to me," she faltered; "you are indeed my true friend. It is so easy to trust you—so easy to speak! I—I have never found it so easy before."

He bowed his head at her words—there was such a bitter reproach in their innocent confession of trust and faith!

"Do I really give pleasure? Do I really help you?" he said hurriedly and not very clearly. In truth, he hardly knew what he did say, for he was not quite master of himself. He stood there, clasping her little hand, listening to the words of her heart, spoken so sweetly, so clearly, yet so unconsciously.

It was a moment that should have been fraught with the most exquisite happiness—with a contentment passing words; but it was full of sharp pain—of recollections that blotted out the sunshine of joy, and set him in a shadow-land of regret and self-reproach. She was his; he had but to put out his hands and draw her to his heart; he had no need to ask her for the truth, for she had spoken it in her innocence so fully, so unreservedly. She belonged to him—the very thought made his pulses thrill—she was his; but he did not claim her; he must loosen his hands from hers; he must stand back and let her pass on with her secret locked in her heart for ever. He shivered as he stood there, self-contempt and reproach strong upon him. It seemed in this moment more than incomprehensible that he should have dared even in his thoughts to associate with that miserable, distorted, and baser self that had dominated him so entirely in the past year.

The warm blood rushed to his face as he thought how this girl would shrink from him if she could know all—of her aversion and contempt for the nature that could have planned for her so coldly, so selfish such a degrading share in his unmanly and unreasoning revenge. Not until this moment did he fully realize the evil nature of the scheme he had devised. He was appalled by the mirage of his own unworthiness which thus suddenly floated before his eyes. His bitterness towards Cynthia was not dispelled, but it was changed; he saw what a miserable satisfaction his plan of revenge would have brought him. He could have fallen at Jane's feet and thanked her in deep gratitude for the good influence of her pure noble nature.

He was now his own true self again, and it was the old self that decreed his punishment, that dealt out the suffering he must endure, not for a little while, but for all his life. The knowledge of what Jane Ludlowe really was to him had come to him swiftly and unexpectedly; yet he felt that this love that filled his heart was no new thing—that slowly but surely it had been asserting itself for some time past. He would not let himself even think of the happiness that could be his, for he had no right to it if it were his; the knowledge that it existed was a joy that could not be taken from him, but it was a joy also that must always be shadowed by the remembrance of how he had originally gained it.

To grasp this joy now, to let happiness rise on the grave of his buried revenge seemed to him to be but another form of wrong-doing. No—he must go from her; he must set her love far from him; he must expiate by a sacrifice the sin he would have done. He must thrust from him the picture of the glad life that rose before his eyes, he must draw back from the comfort, the inexpressible sweetness of a close communion with this girl's heart and mind. He must go in silence, letting the blossom of her love fade away and die or live on and breathe out its fragrance for another more worthy to possess it than he held himself to be.

He had a task to perform, and he must carry it through as swiftly as possible, no matter how great the cost to himself. He held her hand tightly; it seemed to him as though life itself would pass from him when he no longer felt her gentle touch.

"Do I really help you?" he asked, in a hurried unsteady way. He did not wait for her to speak, but went on quickly, "I am glad if it is so; and I am sorry, too, for I can have no pleasure so great as to know that I am able to do something for you; consequently I grieve most deeply that I shall be prevented from offering my services for some while at least." He paused for a moment, then said very quietly, "I am going away."

The cold words sounded harshly even to his own ears, but he dared not trust himself to say more or to speak differently.

Jane's hand, lying in his, quivered involuntarily; he felt it suddenly grow quite cold, as though an icy wind had chilled her. She drew it away from him gently. "I am sorry," she said simply, bending down to Peter, who was crouching at her feet, and stroking his rough head. When she spoke again, it was in a dull tired tone. "Do—do you go for a long while, Lord Hampshire?"

He answered almost curtly.

"I don't know, I have no fixed plan; it will depend on my mood. A couple of years, perhaps even longer."

He lapsed into silence again, and she went on stroking the old dog mechanically. He saw that she was suffering deeply, and the temptation to end that suffering, to pour forth the truth came upon him with almost uncontrollable force. He broke the silence at last, speaking now very gently, with no signs of recklessness and harshness.

"I shall carry away with me a vivid remembrance of your home and of you," he said. "I have learnt to know you so well in these three days we have been together! I shall never need now to look at Ann's gift to recall your face. When I want to think of something sweet and good, I shall think of you. If I tried ever so hard, I don't suppose I could tell you how very, very much your friendship is to me; the memory of it will be a sort of talisman to me. When life goes wrong with me, when everything is out of harmony, I shall shut my eyes and imagine myself back here, with these old trees above my head, and you in your pretty white frock sitting by your father's side. When I feel I am going to be a coward—oh," he said quickly, with a laugh that had a curious sound of grief in it—"oh, I assure you it is very easy sometimes for a man to be a coward!—I shall call you to my remembrance. I shall think of your courage, your unfailing devotion, your beautiful love and faith; it—it will help me——" He broke off suddenly. "Good-bye!" he said hoarsely. "I must go now; it is growing late; I must not keep you. I leave here early to-morrow. I—I shall not see you again, I am afraid. Good-bye!"

Jane was moving mechanically towards the house. She did not quite know where she was going; her eyes were blinded with tears. She did not know that he had stretched out his hand to her once again, but, as he spoke, she stopped.

"Will you take my hand before you go?" he was saying hurriedly, pleadingly.

She turned instantly, putting out her small hands towards him with the gesture of a child who craves for succor, for the sympathy of touch to drive away pain. As she felt again the comfort, the tenderness of his firm clasp, she rallied herself.

"Good-bye," she said faintly—"good-bye! And God be with you always!"

She clung to him an instant longer, then she bent her head and pressed her lips passionately upon his hands. The next moment she was gone, and he stood all alone under the whispering trees.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LADY MONTROSE was puzzled how to act when she first realized the very complicated circumstances in which she found herself placed. She had no feeling of loyalty to Cynthia; if she had any qualms where her niece was concerned, it was only because of the possible disadvantages to herself that might follow upon a quarrel with Lady Ludlowe. All her sympathy was with Jane. There was nothing in the world, moreover, that interested and amused her so much as participating in a romance, more especially a romance with such a satisfactory matrimonial conclusion as this one promised to provide. She retired to her room very early that evening, and, as she sat having herself disrobed and made comfortable for the night, her thoughts were very busy, and her decision was speedily made.

"It is my positive duty!" she said to herself emphatically. "The girl may never get such another chance; and, upon my word, she deserves to have some happiness as a reward for all she has gone through! Poor child, she seems worn out with grief and anxiety! Her eyes went to my heart when I saw her this evening. She looks very fragile, so pale and so sad! She is certainly a lovely young thing, sweet enough to satisfy any one but Cynthia." The thought of Lady Ludlowe at this juncture recalled what lay before her. Lady Montrose fidgeted a little and scolded her long-suffering maid sharply as a relief to her feelings. "I suppose I ought to write to Cynthia to-morrow or the next day," she said to herself, not very comfortably. "That is the worst of the matter! If I could be allowed a week's silence, everything could be over and done with before she need know anything about it. I expect George will carry things through with a rush—he evidently does not intend to let the grass grow under his feet—otherwise he would not have done what he has done already. Well, he is quite right to make the best of his chances; and he certainly has got his chance now. Once let Cynthia have even an inkling of his intentions, and he will find it not such an easy matter to make Jane Ludlowe his wife as he seems to imagine. Now what is the truth between Hampshire and Cynthia, I wonder? Whatever it is, it is pretty strong—a sort of war-to-the-knife business; and this introduction of Jane into it has made Cynthia more furious than before. Won't she be violent with me if everything goes as I imagine it will!" But here Lady Montrose shrugged her shoulders and laughed contemptuously. "After all, she can't kill me," she went on musingly; and then out came the leaven of worldliness and shrewdness that formed so large a part of Susan Montrose's nature. "And, even if she does quarrel with me, which is pretty certain to happen—well, no doubt Lord and Lady Hampshire will be equally as useful as Lady Ludlowe has been—more so, in fact, for Jane is as generous as she is pretty; and, if I can help him to get her for his wife, I am sure he will not be ungrateful."

After a few moments' quiet contemplation of the future, Lady Montrose was not only fully determined to assist Jane in becoming Countess of Hampshire, but she was eager to set about the task. She had another and a very strong incentive in the thought of the probable chances that might fall to her daughter through this business; and to get her Lucy married was naturally not one of the least of Lady Montrose's desires.

"I shall have a long talk with Hampshire to-morrow, and then I shall see exactly where we stand," she decided; and then she went on abusing her maid. "You are resolved not to leave a single hair on my head, Marlowe!" she declared, with good-tempered sharpness. "How you do pull, to be sure! You have mistaken your vocation, my good woman! you ought to have been a jockey, or something of that, not a lady's-maid. There—that will do! You may go; you look tired out, you poor thing!"

The maid smiled. Lady Montrose's temper was never very terrible—in fact, despite her undeniable selfishness, she had a knack of endearing herself to all who served her.

"Here is your lemonade, my lady; and I have put the night-light on the small table. I will come with your tea by eight sharp. And, oh"—here Marlowe darted towards the mantelshelf—"I was all but forgetting! This note came for your ladyship about an hour ago."

Lady Montrose snatched it from the maid's hand.

"From Hampshire!" she said. "On second thoughts, Marlowe, you had better stay; I may want to send an answer to this."

She had speedily torn open the envelope and was reading the contents of the letter.

"Dear Lady Montrose—Only one word to ask you, please, to forget at once and altogether anything and everything I said to you to-night. I send you this note because I am leaving here to-morrow quite early, and shall not be able to have the pleasure of seeing you again, as I had hoped and expected. I am sure you will have no hesitation in granting my request. I spoke wrongly. Since we parted, I have realized that what I stated to you as my fixed determination must not be. Miss Ludlowe deserves a better fate than the one I proposed for her. Be so good therefore as to dismiss my words from your memory, and, with all kind regards, think of me as

"Yours always sincerely,
"HAMPSHIRE."

Lady Montrose frowned and read this letter twice. She felt suddenly conscious of a great disappointment; at one touch all the visions her mind had conjured up so quickly and so satisfactorily melted away into nothing. Moreover, there was something strange about this short note—something that she did not understand. Her curiosity was instantly roused, and made all the keener by the sense of disappointment that took possession of her. Always quick to act, she called instantly for Marlowe to give her pen, ink and paper.

"This must be sent to the village by daybreak to-morrow," she commanded, as she scribbled a few words in her loose careless handwriting. "If it were possible, I should like it to go to-night. Perhaps there is a groom or some one downstairs who can take it. Go and see, Marlowe."

"My dear George—Of course I will respect your confidence of to-night; I am a very discreet individual. All the same, you must forgive me if I say frankly I am just a little surprised at this sudden change in your plans. If it will not bore you too much, I should like to have a little chat with you on the subject before you go away to-morrow. I am most sincerely interested in you, and I am really attached to little Jane. Suppose you come up here early in the morning? We can have the lawn to ourselves, and you can be as frank or as reticent with me as you like. I am a stupid old woman perhaps, but somehow I feel you are playing with your chance of future happiness, and I should like to set this right if possible. I shall expect you at ten o'clock without fail. "Most truly your friend,

"SUSAN MONTROSE."

The maid returned before Lady Montrose had closed and addressed the envelope.

"Mr. Meadows will 'ave it sent it to-night, my lady," she announced.

Lady Montrose uttered an exclamation of satisfaction.

"That's capital! Here you are, Marlowe! Now you can leave me; I don't want anything else. Bring my tea at half-past seven; I must get up a little earlier than usual."

Left to herself, Lady Montrose first re-read Lord Hampshire's letter, and then strove diligently to elucidate the mystery.

"Something has changed him. But what?" She lay back in her comfortable chair; for once she was blind to the charms of the French novel, with which class of literature she usually read herself to sleep. "He was pretty determined when he spoke to me. What can have happened?" A sudden inspiration came to Lady Montrose. "I have it!" she exclaimed. "He must have seen Jane this evening; he must have proposed to her there and then, and she must have refused him. It would seem inconceivable in any other girl; but Jane is not like other girls; and of course, with her very soul devoted to that poor dying creature, she is far away indeed from the thought of love-making and marriage. I'll be bound she has never even dreamed of Hampshire's intentions; consequently, if, as I imagine, he spoke to her to-night, she must have been greatly startled, and no doubt she replied to him far more strongly than she would have done had she been prepared for what was about to happen. The idea that she is really averse from such a future is simply preposterous!" Lady Montrose said to herself cheerfully. "George is one of the handsomest and most fascinating men I have ever come across. I can't even imagine the girl who would be able to withstand him; and I am sure our little Jane has as big a share of romance and sentiment in her composition as other girls have! Now I come to think of it, her face wore a very strange look to-night. She had been crying, too, and her eyes were full of heaviness and sadness. Oh, there is no doubt George must have spoken, and she, in the first moment of intense surprise and full of her unselfishness and devotion to her father, must have refused to listen! Well, if this is so, it is pretty clear that a third person will not come amiss in the matter. The girl must be told what is for her good, and Hampshire must not be allowed to take fright at the first start off. If he wants Jane, he must woo her gently but surely. I have set my heart on the marriage, and I will carry it through, if it is possible for an outsider to do it." Here Lady Montrose paused, glanced at the clock, recalled the hour at which she must rise the next morning, and, resolutely dismissing all further thought, betook herself to bed.

* * * * * *

By exactly ten o'clock on the following day Lady Montrose had left the house and was ensconced in the most comfortable chair on the lawn. She was clad in a cotton gown of wonderful fabrication; she wore a broad-brimmed straw-hat, and held over her head a large pink-lined sunshade.

She watched the light scintillating in her diamond-rings with much complacency, while every now and then she turned her eyes towards the avenue, to look for the tall handsome figure which must shortly appear if it intended to appear at all.

When Hampshire did come, it was from the opposite direction. He had walked through the short cut from the village and crossed the lawn at the back of Lady Montrose's chair. She screamed when he suddenly made his presence known.

"What a fright you gave me!" she cried; and then she laughed as she held out her hand. "Good boy!" she said approvingly. "I like to see young people show obedience to the wishes of their elders. Punctual to a minute, George! You deserve a gold medal!"

"I am afraid I have made you rise considerably earlier than you usually do," observed the Earl, a smile breaking for an instant the gravity of his face.

Lady Montrose was quick to see how pale, tired, and harassed he looked.

"Good gracious—no!" she rejoined briskly. "I am always out of bed by eight o'clock—though I don't always show myself so early, I must confess," she added, with a laugh; "but the circumstances are exceptional, you see, and I am quite sure you will not look at me too closely, George."

"I will shut my eyes altogether if you like," he replied, with a half-hearted attempt at raillery. After a pause, he added, "You sent for me, Lady Montrose."

"Yes," she replied; "I want to ask you a few questions. Your note astonished me, George. Apart from the fact that I am a woman, and therefore endowed with a fair share of curiosity, I am more than interested in this matter. I want to have a quiet chat with you, so as to find out what is wrong—for that something is wrong is of course absolutely clear to me. What I want to know now is—Do you mind telling me what this something is?"

He did not answer her immediately; his eyes were fixed upon the house, now bathed in the morning sunshine. When he did speak, it was to ask her a question.

"Have you ever known what it is to feel thoroughly ashamed of yourself—to have such a burden of remorse, self-reproach, and self-contempt as to feel that it is impossible to go on facing life, to go on struggling against a humiliation that you have built up for yourself with your own hands?"

Lady Montrose glanced up at him sharply.

"No," she answered quietly—"no, George—I have never known such feelings; I cannot even imagine them. They are not healthy, not natural, not exactly—what shall I say?—well, not quite manly. Short of having committed a murder," Lady Montrose summed up briskly, in her practical fashion, "I cannot conceive why any one should have such feelings; they are very disagreeable and not quite necessary."

Her sharp matter-of-fact tone had the effect of rousing him.

"Perhaps you are right," he said, in a tone; "and yet—and yet the taking away of life is not the only form of murder, Lady Montrose. It is possible to bring about such destruction of faith and happiness in a human heart as to make it as barren, cold, and desolate as death itself. I congratulate you that you have never felt the burden of remorse; it is not a light one or one easily dismissed, I assure you!"

Lady Montrose sat very silent; there was something in his voice and words that touched her. Tears came dangerously near her eyes, but she kept them back. There was not even a shadow of her usual selfishness in her heart at this moment. She was honestly grieved at his changed looks; she must do her best to work some good; at all events, she would rouse him from this oppressively morbid mood. If she failed to bring about the marriage, she must not fail to restore him to something like his former self.

"We all do wrong in this world," she said, in a gentle, almost motherly tone; "but one thing I am very sure of, George—if you have done wrong, you must have had some very great provocation for that wrong. Come—tell me about it; it does the heart good sometimes to speak out! You need have no fear of me; I like you too well to do anything but try to comfort you as much as I can. Suppose we begin at the beginning? I have an idea that your present unhappiness arises in some way from the enmity that exists between my niece Cynthia Ludlowe and yourself. Have you any objection to telling me what cause there is for such an enmity?"

The young man sat silent for some little time; her kindly motherliness touched him.

"You are quite right," he responded—"my present trouble dates back to another and an older one; but, dear Lady Montrose, my lips must be sealed on that past—it does not belong to me alone. All I can say now is that, up to so late a time as yesterday, there was, as you have most justly described it, an enmity between your niece and myself—an enmity, on my part, so strong as to overshadow my whole life and control my every action. Having stated this fact without upholding or excusing it, you will find it almost difficult to credit me with being absolutely sincere when I tell you that this enmity, this demoralizing anger that I have cherished so long and so keenly in my heart has ceased to exist altogether—will never, please God, trouble my thoughts again." He paused for a moment, and then continued rather hurriedly, "And perhaps also, now that you know so much, you can fit in the rest for yourself. You can understand what is filling me now with such remorse, such hopeless regret."

Lady Montrose put out her hand and laid it gently upon his shoulder."

"I do understand," she said softly—"I do see quite plainly, George. Love for that little girl is the talisman that has worked this change; it is the influence of her fresh young heart that has done so much good. It is not difficult to read that, George." Lady Montrose was silent for a few moments, then she went on in a quiet earnest tone, "Nor is it difficult to read now how your duty lies."

He looked at her swiftly; there was something in her voice, in her words that gave him a sensation of relief, comfort, and hope. Lady Montrose saw she had gained a slight advantage, and instantly followed it up.

"Having got such a talisman in your possession," she said briskly, "it stands to reason that you will take every care of it—that you will guard it all the days of your life. It has come to you unexpectedly, but it has come with a blessing. The love that can work so great a change, that can bring such good to you, must not be discarded lightly, George; you must see that for yourself as well and as clearly as I can put it before you."

"It has come as a talisman, but I may not keep it," he replied sadly but firmly, relinquishing the faint feeling of hope and relief with a sigh. "Such a love is not for me now; I dare not claim it, Lady Montrose." Then, before she could interrupt him, he went on, "It is my punishment; I must reap as I have sown. If it had been different, if my heart had been clear, if I had not trodden even so small a part of that path towards her, if I had sought her loving her as I now do, and desiring nothing but the treasure of her love——" He broke off suddenly, then, after a pause, resumed, "I tell you I feel that to speak of my love now, to ask her love in return, is to offer her an insult—to humiliate her. She is so proud—she has such faith in me! If she knew the truth—that I came here in the first instance simply and solely to use her as a means for my revenge—a revenge that seems to me now as despicable as it is incomprehensible—if this horrible truth were to come to her——" He started to his feet suddenly, his face pale with emo-

tion. "It would be too horrible! I believe it would break her heart; it would be such a blow—such a cruel disillusionment! She has called me her friend; she has been almost happy in my friendship; I think she cares for me a little; but, if she were to know all, how she would suffer! She would turn from me; she would perhaps grow to hate me; she must most surely despise me, though not so much—never, never so much as I despise myself!"

It was not quite possible for Lady Montrose to realize this form of mental suffering. Her own nature was neither sensitive nor highly strung, and "honor" was a word that had hitherto had a dull tarnished place in her vocabulary: but she was intensely sympathetic, and she was sorry for him. She touched him with her sunshade.

"Sit down, George," she said gently, "and let us discuss the situation in as rational and practical a fashion as possible. I don't expect much common sense from you, for you are not only in love, but you are a Quixote into the bargain; so there is not much to be hoped for from such a combination. However"—and here Lady Montrose laughed her hearty laugh—"I am not in love, thank goodness, and I finished with sentiment long before you were born; so my common sense is all right, and I must see now how far my wisdom will act on yours. The first thing to be done is to start at the very beginning." Lady Montrose paused for a moment, then deliberately and quietly put a question to him. "You are in earnest, are you not, George? You really and truly love Jane Ludlowe?"

The color rushed into his face, and then he turned pale.

"I love Jane Ludlowe—yes!" he said very quietly; yet there was to Lady Montrose, cynic, sophist, and worldling as she was, more conviction in those few words than in a thousand vows of vehement protestation.

"Very good," she said cheerily—"you love Jane, and my pretty little Jane loves you. Oh, I have left sentiment a long way behind, no doubt, but I can read a girl's face for all that, my Lord Hampshire! Jane Ludlowe loves you with a love that very few men in this nineteenth century could ever hope to obtain. I told you last night, if you remember, that her nature is no ordinary one, and, once her heart is given, it will be given altogether, never to be recalled, never to be changed. You may make her suffer," Lady Montrose observed shrewdly—"and no doubt you will, however much you care for her—for you are only a man, after all, and the best and cleverest of you generally blunder when it comes to understanding a woman—but, though Jane may suffer, she will never change. I have had a good opportunity for studying her pretty closely, and I don't speak without excellent reason for what I say."

"Do you think I doubt it?" he rejoined gently. "All that you say is true; I do not need an old or long acquaintanceship to teach me that."

Lady Montrose bent forward a little.

"For good or ill now, George, this girl's love belongs to you. It is for you to decide and decide quickly what use you intend to make of it."

He winced sharply.

"Ah," he exclaimed, with anguish in his voice, "you hurt me—you hurt me horribly! You don't know what those words mean to me!"

"I want to let you see there are two sides to the question," said Lady Montrose coolly—"your very unpracticable conscientious scruples on the one hand, and the happiness of the girl you love on other. We are all of us human, you know, George, and humanity cannot be perfect; and, if you did start out with an unworthy motive, you have not carried it very far. The end justifies the beginning in your case. But, to be quite frank with you, I neither understand nor sympathize with these scruples; I am much concerned about Jane's future. If you will try to infuse a little of my common sense into your thoughts, I firmly believe it will not be long before you will share my feelings altogether. The facts of the whole case lie in a nutshell. Instead of a life of misery, misunderstanding and perpetual warfare with a woman who undeniably dislikes her, and who will—remember this, please—have sole control over her when her father dies, you can give her love, home, consolation, sympathy and as much happiness as can fall to the lot of most mortals. Now I ask you, George, as a sensible man, does not my very practical view of the situation outweigh your conscientious scruples?"

Lord Hampshire smiled faintly.

"You know how to argue well," he said; "but——"

"'But!' There is no room for 'but!'" cried Lady Montrose vigorously. "I cannot for the life of me see what sort of 'but' you want to introduce! I shall begin to lose my patience with you soon, George, and then I am afraid I shall say rude things!"

She was delighted at the almost merry laugh with which he acknowledged this speech; it was a sign that her strong matter-of-fact arguments had met with some success. There was already a slight change in his face; the tension was a relaxed, and a restless eagerness had taken the place of the grave determined expression. She was on the right tack now, and she knew it.

"Of course, if Jane's happiness is nothing to you, all well and good; but, if you really do care a little what becomes of her—if she is indeed dear to you—then I confess I am at a loss to understand your present decision, George. I am inclined to call it nothing more or less than selfishness—and I hope you like the name!"

As he made no reply to this defiant summing up, unable indeed for the moment to find words with which to do so, she went on triumphantly, and stated once again, in her clear sharp way, the exact position as it was revealed to her, concluding by flinging a last bomb at him with a sense of keen enjoyment.

"And, to make a long story short, my advice to you now, George, is, as you love Jane and Jane loves you, and you are both free to love each other, that you should settle your minds once and for all, and get made man and wife just as fast as you possibly can!"

The young man sat before her as if paralyzed by these words; his heart seemed to stop for an instant, and then began beating in a quick wild way. Against his strongest efforts, against all the arguments he had forced himself to accept, hope, delicious in its gladness, in its thrilling touch of excitement, came to him now. It was a dream of the moment, but it was none the less sweet on that account. He let his wearied mind revel in the soft sensation of rest and peace that this dream brought to him; the turmoil of thought, the hot sharp pain of his remorse and regret faded and were almost forgotten for the moment. He was drifting away into the soft vague land of hope and happiness, when he awoke with a start, and his dream fell from him him as Lady Montrose's brisk clear voice broke the silence once again.

"Well," Lady Montrose was saying, with amusement and triumph in her tone—"well, George, what have you to say to my plan—eh? Have I struck you absolutely dumb?"

He looked round at her slowly. She could see his strong hands tremble and that his face now was quite pale. She had recalled him suddenly from a delicious dream to stern reality; her firm matter-of-fact treatment of so delicate a subject made him wince, yet he was none the less conscious of being intensely grateful to her. If he might indeed only accept the advice she offered him! He answered her at last.

"Dear Lady Montrose, I recognize your kindness most fully. I wish I could give you the pleasure, the satisfaction of——" He broke off hurriedly. "Oh, don't you see such a thing is impossible—quite impossible. I have told you how I stand in my own estimation, I have let you see into my very heart of hearts, I have told you of the barrier that rests between Jane Ludlowe and me—a barrier I have built with my own hands; after that there is no more to be said."

"On the score of your own happiness, perhaps not," retorted Lady Montrose rather angrily. "But I am not thinking only of you—I am thinking of Jane."

The reproach stung him, for he felt there was a truth in it that could not be denied. The memory of the past two days rose up swiftly before him; his heart thrilled, and yet ached, as he recalled all those unconscious touches that had spoken so clearly of the girl's priceless gift to him. He pulled his hat low over his brows and sat with his hands clasped between his knees, his eyes fixed upon the warm sunlit grass at his feet.

The weariness, the undeniable note of sorrow that had rung out so surely in her farewell to him the night before came back to increase the pain in his heart now, to make his duty more difficult, almost too difficult. Must she then suffer through him? Must she go on with her present sorrowful toil burdened with another and a more bitter grief? He caught his breath sharply and looked up at Lady Montrose. She, polished tactician that she was, had known the full value of her last thrust.

"You forget one thing," he said, not very steadily—"you forget that even if I dared tell her all, such a suggestion would still be impossible. She is not free; she would not leave——"

"Who asks her to leave her father?" cried Lady Montrose sharply. "Of course she will never be free as long as that poor man lives; but what of that? Lady Hampshire can nurse her father quite as well as Jane Ludlowe is doing, can't she? I tell you again, if you wait till Jane is released from this devotion, Hampshire, you may just make up your mind that she is gone from you for ever. I don't want to denounce my own flesh and blood, but facts are facts, and Cynthia's hatred for this girl is a fact too big to be put on one side lightly. As matters stand now, Jane is her own mistress; she can marry you tomorrow if she likes, without any one daring to put out a finger to stop her. Her father is her only guardian; while he lives, Cynthia has no real authority; once the breath has gone out of him, Jane is hers for the next two years at least. No doubt you are imagining all sorts of pretty but impossible things," Lady Montrose cried, beginning to lose her temper; "you are conjuring up a happy-family sort of picture—you at peace with Cynthia, and Cynthia at peace with you, and Jane in the centre, beloved by you both, as your affianced wife! Charming, sweet, delightful beyond description!" Here her ladyship shut her sunshade violently. "If such a picture is dawning in your mind, George, pray let me counsel you to destroy it at once! You may have ceased to regard Cynthia as an enemy: that does not necessarily mean that Cynthia has ceased to be your enemy! Bah—you are a child! You don't understand women—no man does! You are so easily convinced you color everything by the prevailing tint of your own mind. I tell you"—Lady Montrose here laid her sunshade on his knee and emphasised her words by sundry sharp raps—"I tell you that, when once Jane Ludlowe is under her step-mother's complete control, she is in for as hard a time as any girl can have! But there"—with a final rap—"I will say no more. I am only wasting my time. You will go your own way. You are just like the rest of your sex, as selfish as you are high! And you don't care a fig for Jane's future happiness so long as you can satisfy the demands of your conscience and your scruples, which are only another name for your vanity. If you thought less about yourself and more about this child, I should have a little better opinion of you and your virtuous scruples!"

The young man broke into a hurried laugh; he had never seen Lady Montrose so much in earnest before. Her anger carried away the last remaining stone of the barrier that had seemed so big, so terrible only one short hour before.

"I say," he said half boyishly—"don't hit so hard! You're striking below the belt now, you know! Remember the rules!"

"That for your rules!" cried Lady Montrose, snapping her fingers; but she regained her usual good temper instantly, and unfurled her sunshade again. "I shall hit just where I like, and as often, too! I am a woman!" she observed defiantly.

"I congratulate you on your sex!" Hampshire retorted, a mischievous gleam in his eyes. "From all accounts, it seems to be a bad business to have to call yourself so poor a thing as a man!"

It was Lady Montrose's turn to laugh now.

"You are an impertinent boy," she declared, and then added affectionately, "but I like you most sincerely, and I want to see you happy, George."

"And happy you certainly will see me if Jane Ludlowe consents to be my wife," he said, with intense earnestness. He was no longer sombre or troubled or doubtful, but filled with a joyous hope. He rose as he spoke, and Lady Montrose rose too.

"Then," she said hurriedly, her excitement making her voice not so clear as usual, "you will take my advice, George. You will not go away and leave her—you will speak to her—you will tell her of your love!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AT a Maine "training day" a licensed vender put a barrel of hard cider across a stone wall, tapped it, and began to sell at three cents a glass. Presently a man came along who grumbled at the price and said he could get the stuff on the other side of the wall for two cents. Investigation showed that boys had tapped the other end of the barrel and were doing a thriving business.

Bric-a-Brac.

RISING AT THE BAR.—Small-sized lawyers have always had a certain difficulty in making themselves properly visible when addressing the court. In the time of Harry Erskine, one of the greatest wits that ever lived, there was a little man at the Scottish Bar who was in the habit of adding to his stature by standing on a stool whenever he spoke. "This," remarked Erskine, "is one way of rising at the Bar."

WHAT IS THE INK-PLANT?—In Colombia there grows a plant whose popular name is the Ink-plant. Its juice is a ready-made ink. At first the writing looks reddish, but it becomes deep black in the course of a few hours. It will not harm steel pens; and letters written with it, if soaked in water, even for a long time, will be quite legible when dried. The plants are poisonous, however, so that this natural ink will never take the place of the common or finger-staining sort of daily use.

GIRLS IN A CAGE.—Girls are said to be treated in a curious way in the Pacific island of New Britain. From two or three years old until they come of age they are kept in cages made of palm-leaves. They are taken out once every day to be washed, but in all other respects this kind of imprisonment is very strict. In spite of this seemingly harsh usage, however, they grow up hardy and healthy. But it may be doubted if this custom is really generally observed by the islanders.

WHERE NO SPACE IS WASTED.—In many tropical countries the roof of the house is a very important part of the building, being put to a variety of uses not dreamt of in colder lands. In the one-storied houses of Peru, for instance, it is not uncommon to find the mules and horses lodged on the ground floor, and the family on the floor above, while on the great flat roof there may often be seen fowls, pigs, goats, and even cows. The cows are taken aloft when they are merely calves, and spend the rest of their lives on the roof.

TESTING THE MAGICIAN.—The late "Professor" Anderson, who styled himself the "Wizard of the North," was often amused by the real or pretended fear that some of the old folk in parts of Scotland had of him as as magician of wonderful skill. They seemed to regard him as something more than a Professor of the Black Art. There were districts in Morayshire where it was said people locked their doors against him. On one occasion he intended visiting a house, but as soon as the old lady saw him coming she locked all the doors. In reply to his knock, came the cry of "Who's there?" spoken in a shrill voice. "Professor Anderson" was the answer. "Weel," was the satisfied response, "if ye are Professor Anderson, ye can come through the keyhole!"

DO ANIMALS LOVE FUN?—There seems no reason to doubt it. Monkeys are full of frolic for its own sake, and enjoy themselves most of all when playing mischievous jokes. A terrier performed its tricks so consciously that when no one praised it for them, it used to become quite sulky. A flock of geese have been known to cause a number of pigs to run the gauntlet between them, merely to hear the squealing of the porkers as they were bit at by the birds. There was a soldier's horse that was wont to be fastened by a river's bank, and the creature had the ill habit of kicking at passing men, in order to make them fall into the water. The jackdaw will watch boys at their games with evident appreciation of the fun, and the amount of roguishness in kittens is perfectly notorious.

"YOU MUST WAKE AND CALL ME EARLY."—In the back streets of most of the towns in Holland, there may be seen houses with this curious sign-board (in Dutch, of course), "Here they Knock and Wake Persons"; for in the large comfortable Dutch beds folk are apt to oversleep themselves, and so the men and women who have to rise very early for their work pay a man a small sum every week to call them at daybreak. And call them he does, for he knocks and rings until his customers appear at their windows, and the row he makes is often enough to disturb a whole street. In summer, when the careful Dutch housewife has taken the stoves out of the rooms, the waker-up earns a little extra pay supplying hot water as well for an early cup of tea or coffee.

WITHOUT HOPE OF REWARD.—During the progress of the battle of Waterloo it happened that Wellington had need of a special messenger at a moment when all his aides-de-camp were absent with instructions to different parts of the field. A gentleman in plain dress, noticing the Duke's anxiety, rode up and asked whether he could be of any use. "Yes; carry this note to the officer commanding there," pointing to a spot where the fight raged furiously. Away went the stranger into the heart of the battle, and gave up the note. How the civilian came there, and who he was, Wellington, in spite of repeated efforts, never learned. But he related the incident in after-years to Lord Shaftesbury as one of the most gallant deeds he ever knew of, for the man who rendered the service could have no prospect of reward or honor.

A FORSAKEN IDOL.

BY E. T. F.

Jacob buried his gods at Shechem—
  Cast-off idols of stone and wood,
Well he wot they would ne'er bespeak him
  Further evil nor future good;
Nevertheless he could not treat them
  Just like pieces of wood and stone,
When he thought how he'd tried to seat them
  Up aloft on an altar throne.

Once an idol I fondly cherished,
  Which was known by the name you bear;
But my faith in its virtue perished,
  When I found it was false as fair.
Nevertheless I could not break it,
  Like an image of worthless clay,
When I thought how I'd try to make it
  All I ever could hope or pray.

In my heart, down a shady hollow,
  Where the willow of weeping waves
Hide the false gods, I was wont to follow,
  Out of sight in forgotten graves.
There you lie with no name above you—
  With no epitaph, false or true,
Save the fact that I used to love you
  Ere at Shechem I buried you.

"MY LADY BELLE."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ALL IN THE WILD MARCH MORNING," "THE LAST OF THE LATOUCHES," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

A YEAR has come and a year has gone, and the second summer has well-nigh passed, since Lady Belle's ill-fated wedding-day; but she has never returned to her husband's home, and Woolston Abbey is shut up and left to the care of a couple servants, for Sir George prefers to live in his chambers and at his club in town.

There are not wanting those who hint that Sir George finds it convenient to curtail his expenses, for it is known he is a poorer man than he was when he married Lady Belle Carnegie by some forty thousand pounds. There has been an explosion in his colliery, which has been on fire for ten days, and the pecuniary loss to the proprietor has been very large. There have been failures on the Stock Exchange, which have, so people say, affected Sir George Gardiner.

Sir George lives a lonely quiet life in London—as lonely and quiet as she lives in Brittany; and they have never met—rarely heard of each other—since they parted at Hastonmere. Sir George has indeed written to her, and tried to induce her to return to England to keep up a position suitable to her rank, but in vain.

Lady Belle answers him in her girlish unformed writing—a pretty, ladylike, cheerfully-written little letter, in which she says she has as much money as she wants, and that she and Nancy and old Madame Blouz, her French governess, have a pretty cottage just near St. Eustache; and she has a little pony-carriage and a nice little boat. They are "very happy," and she spends but the little income which was her father's bequest to her.

Not a sovereign of Sir George Gardiner's money does she use—not one of the dresses or ornaments or fripperies with which she was endowed by his wealth. And Sir George, thinking of it all, and of how fatal a mistake it has been, refrains in quiet despair from intruding on the life that is peaceful and "very happy" without him.

But his hair has grown very gray in the past eighteen months; his step is slow, his eyes are very sad and sunken, and he is "quite an old man," the lady declares who is watching him alight from his carriage at the door of Hedgely House.

The lady who speaks is stout, rosy-cheeked, and handsomely and rather extravagantly attired for a lady in a country house in the outskirts of a little town. However, the house is handsome, the rooms are handsome and elegantly furnished, as far as fashionable expensive furniture and decorations constitute elegance; and Sir George may be pardoned if he pauses a little as he enters the drawing-room, where he has been announced by a smart footman.

"You will pardon me for saying I should hardly have recognized you, Mrs. Broderick," he says, smiling slightly, "when I add that I never recollect you looking so well as you do now."

"Yes; I used to be thin and pale, I think," Marcia replies, her rosy cheeks growing rosier at the recollection of her old self.

For this is Marcia—this blooming, silk-robed, bejeweled young matron, mistress of Hedgely House and a good income, increasing, too, year by year, so profitable have been old Ridgeway Millar's investments—mother of a fine babe, and, it is whispered by those merciless gossips who find out all the weak spots in the harness, the liege lady and ruler and mistress of Jocelyn Broderick as well.

That elegant fastidious young man, the cruel demi-god of Marcia's romantic love, the hero and knight of her imagination, has become a very ordinary sort of person now in the matrimonial harness. He is head of the house by a complimentary fiction, but Marcia holds the purse; and, as she is neither unkind nor ungenerous, Jocelyn is fain to take the allowance she has settled on him with a very good grace, and assist his wife's trustees to manage her property, and help his wife with a better grace still, to spend her money. And it is spent—freely. Poor old Ridgeway Millar might groan in the churchyard corner and leave his uneasy grave if he could but see how the income, which he carefully saved to add to the principal, is spent—ay, to the last five-pound note.

Mr. and Mrs. Broderick live quite in style on an income of twelve hundred a year, as Marcia rents Mrs. Millar's house from her, and keeps up a nice establishment and a good table, without a sign of the miserliness to which even the wealthy widow was prone.

"Have you seen Lady Belle or heard from her lately?" Sir George asks, turning away his head and trifling with a malachite and ink-tray. "You used to be very intimate with her, Mrs. Broderick, I believe?"

"Yes, we were dear friends," answers Marcia enthusiastically. And then her honest nature checks her a little. "At least, we were friends, in our different spheres, Sir George. I was a humble friend of Lady Belle," she says gently. "I have had several very nice kind letters from her, but I have never seen her since."

"Nor have I," says Sir George involuntarily in his bitter pain.

A remembrance of that conversation in the drawing-room with Jocelyn, on the evening of Lady Belle's wedding-day, rises up fresh in Marcia's mind; and her rosy cheeks pale and her heart beats nervously fast.

"Sir George, will you pardon me if I take a liberty in asking you?" she says tremulously. "There was no quarrel or misunderstanding between you and dear Lady Belle, was there? Or how was it you parted from her? I—we—every one thought you were going to live together happily," Marcia goes on, forgetting her former gloomy prognostications. "So did she, poor dear Lady Belle! And——"

"She thought so?" repeats Sir George coldly. "Hardly, Mrs. Broderick! She remembered that—

> "'Crabbed age and youth
> Cannot live together,'

I suppose when it was too late." And he laughs mirthlessly.

"But I cannot understand it," Marcia says, in a maze of fear and doubt.

"I can, too well," rejoins Sir George bitterly. "And I think, Mrs. Broderick, as Lady Belle's confidential friend, to whom she did not scruple to express her real feelings," he continues with emphasis, "you at least ought to have no difficulty in comprehending Lady Belle's conduct."

"Sir George," Mrs. Broderick says, growing as red as the geraniums in her dainty lace cap, "I have misunderstood her, I fear, from something she said to me before she went away. I have often thought of it since, and wondered and grieved about it. I meant often to write and tell you, Sir George; but you were almost a stranger to me; and I feared to be intrusive."

"Yes, yes—but what did Lady Belle say?" Sir George interrupts sharply. And before the stern gaze of his eyes Marcia's heart fails her to confess the whole truth.

"She said how lonely she was, Sir George. She said there was never any one so desolate and friendless as she. Poor darling! She said 'Marcia, I was so sorry to think my poor father and mother could not witness my happiness.' So she was. She cried on her wedding-morning because she was an orphan and alone in the world," Marcia goes on, stealing a quick look at Sir George, who is disconcerting her extremely by his fixed penetrating gaze. "And, when I asked her why she had not gone away on her honeymoon at once, she said because she thought it was better not, Sir George, because she was too young to be a companion for you."

"Did she say that—say those words? Did she? Be careful, please!" Sir George bursts out sternly, and with strong suppressed emotion in his face and voice.

Mrs. Broderick looks up, timid and startled—very like the Marcia of old.

"She did, Sir George. I am telling you the exact truth. And she said too—she did indeed Sir George—'When I am older and better looking and more accomplished, perhaps I shall go and live with Sir George again.' I am telling you the exact truth," reiterates Mrs. Broderick agitatedly; "and I fear, Sir George, the parting was not from any wish of poor dear Lady Belle's; at least——"

"Was it from any wish of mine, do you think?" asks Sir George very quietly and slowly, though he feels as if stunned by the shock of the truth which is coming upon him. "Do you think of my own choice, for my own pleasure, I left her—that sweet lovable girl, my Lady Belle, my own wedded bride! Good Heavens! Have I been blind and stupid, and been wronging her and cruel to her all this weary time?"

He turns his back on his hostess, and walks a few spaces away; and Marcia can see his strong, tall, well-knit figure trembling like a weeping girl's.

"Sir George, please," she says, growing more frightened and confused, "please do not, you know, attribute too much to what I have said just now."

He turns on her, and his clear steel-blue eyes are flashing.

"I attributed too much to what you said once," he says sternly; and poor Marcia's limbs shake beneath her. "I heard you—you and Mr. Broderick—the very day I married her, discussing her future and certain misery with me, and you detailing her girlish heedless words, which I understood but in one way. Heaven help me, they turned my heart to stone—your cruel, thoughtless gossip of a timid, lonely girl's natural emotion!"

"You heard me talking to Jocelyn that evening!" Marcia cries. "If I had only known! I will try to undo all that has been done—it is not too late."

"It is," Sir George replies quietly, in a low voice. "You cannot undo what you have done—it is too late now. I do not wish Lady Belle to change her mode of life—she is happy and peaceful. In Heaven's name let her alone! It is too late, Mrs. Broderick; and I do not wish there should be any change in the relations between myself and Lady Belle—understand me clearly, please—I do not wish it."

Then he bids her good-day and goes away, leaving Mrs. Broderick thoroughly bewildered, and more anxious and distressed than she has been since she was Marcia Millar in the dreary old life.

CHAPTER X.

IN accordance with Sir George's parting request, Marcia Broderick does nothing, says nothing, writes nothing, to undo the wrong her own thoughtless words have done. Hers is one of those slow, inert minds which take a prodigious time to "make up," and, meeting an obstacle in the process of "making up," retire to the original groove, as a heavy substance upon which leverage has been unsuccessfully tried, sinks back into its former bed, more deeply and hopelessly settled down for the futile efforts that have been made to raise it.

Marcia "can't bear" even to think of the subject, she tells her husband. And, when he advises her therefore not to think of it, she snubs him—snubs the incomparable Jocelyn rather sharply, and tells him she has a sensitive nature and a tender conscience, if he has not, and it is misery to her to reflect that perhaps through her unlucky words she has spoiled two lives and severed a man from his wife for ever.

She harps upon this theme over and over again for weeks after Sir George's visit, until Jocelyn is weary of hearing it discussed; and, at last, in a sort of desperation, he proposes to his wife that they shall go over to Brittany in the autumn, stay at the village of St. Eustache, and renew their acquaintance with Lady Belle. To this proposition Mrs. Broderick consents rather doubtfully.

As Marcia Millar, courage and high spirits were things so utterly unknown to her, in her dull, unloved, repressed life, that she may be forgiven if, even now, in her prosperous married existence, the warped, stunted nature cannot spring up straight and fair. She dreads to confess the truth to Lady Belle, and shrinks from it and is angry and miserable at the bare thought.

But Marcia does "make up her mind" at last to go to Brittany in the golden autumn-time, and arrives in great state, with her husband, baby, and servants, at the one hotel in the sweet, dreamy, out-of-the-world little town, with its broad calm river, its osier-beds, its rows of poplars, its red-tiled roofs, and crumbling old church; and the morning after their arrival Mrs. Broderick goes out to discover Lady Belle's residence.

She has refused her husband's escort, wishing to meet Lady Belle alone; and, as there is no public conveyance in St. Eustache but the omnibus belonging to the hotel, which brings travelers from the railway-station—a distance of two miles—Mrs. Broderick is obliged to walk. Between anxiety and the hot September sunshine, and her multitudinous flounces, scarves, fringes, and appendages, when she at length reaches the little green-painted court-yard door to which she has been directed, she looks flushed, stout, and matronly enough to bewilder any one who recalls the image of the pale thin girl with the big frightened eyes.

The door is open; and a stout, white-capped, good-humored, elderly woman is gossiping with an acquaintance, with her arms akimbo, and a basket with a white cloth over it is on the ground between them. Through the doorway there is a view of the cool, shady courtyard, the little fountain, and the masses of vine-leaves clambering up to the little balcony, where clusters of odorous red roses bloom magnificently and make the one spot of brilliant coloring in the shaded place.

Marcia can see through the long open sashes the room behind the balcony, and through that room—even as she crosses the courtyard—she sees a tall slender girl coming. She comes out upon the balcony, amongst the red roses, and leans over—as fair as Juliet when she told her love to Romeo—the fawn-like eyes, beneath the white low brow and the loose locks of rich curling hair, filled with the light of earnest surprise at the sight of a stranger—the soft rose-flush deepening over the delicate oval face.

As Mrs. Broderick enters the salon—the cool, polished, elegant little room, with its shining floor and its Persian rugs, and black polished furniture covered with deep-green velvet and satin, the whole apartment, with its polished wainscot and green draperies, reminding one of a jewel-casket—the beautiful surprised face looks in from amongst the vine-leaves and the roses, and then the tall slender girl, clad in a soft pale-yellow dress, with knots of crimson ribbon here and there—she looks like a living blossom, like a rare jewel enshrined in a choice jewel-case, as she comes in amongst the polished dark wood and the green velvet—hurries to Marcia, and takes her outstretched hands, and kisses her warmly.

"My dear, dear Lady Belle," Marcia cries agitatedly, "how are you? I am so glad to see you. You are looking so lovely!" And to her own heart Marcia is saying, "I cannot tell her—I cannot. What kindness would it be? A lovely girl like this, and he so old and gray! It will only make her unhappy; and he does wish it—he said so."

"And how well you look, Marcia!" Lady Belle exclaims. "You are getting stout, Marcia, do you know that—a great, stout, blooming matron! The idea of you and Jocelyn having a baby!" And she bursts out with her old ringing laughter.

"Why?" Mrs. Broderick asks, feeling her dignity ruffled. And again to her own heart she says, "There is no need to tell her—she is quite gay and happy; and he said he did not wish it."

"Oh, I don't know!" laughs Lady Belle merrily. "It is so funny. And I am so glad to think you are so prosperous and happy, Marcia dear," she adds, in her old sweetly cordial way. "I was so pleased when you wrote and told me all about it, and so glad to think Jocelyn was going to marry and settle down, and have a good wife and a nice home."

"Oh, Jocelyn had the idea long before either you or I knew of it, Lady Belle!" Mrs. Broderick returns, bridling.

"Had he really?" Lady Belle asks, with innocent good faith in her friend's words. "And you loved him so well, dear Marcia—you never told me that in the old days."

"I should never have told Jocelyn, Lady Belle, but for my changed circumstances," Mrs. Broderick says, with Spartan dignity.

Lady Belle looks at her admiringly, wonderingly, with a certain pathetic wistfulness in her dark soft eyes.

"How happy you ought to be, Marcia! You loved each other, and you are married and happy—living together in your own pretty home! You have told me all about it, so I seem to know it."

Considering that Lady Belle has had several letters of some twelve pages long

—large foreign post—each letter crammed with details of Marcia's house and furniture, from her grand piano to her patent mangle, and all the changes she has made since Mrs. Millar's reign there, and a full, true, and particular account of her dinner-parties—the dishes and the dresses—she can hardly fail to have been kept au courant with the matters of the house and the household of Mrs. Marcia Broderick.

"How happy and fortunate you have been, Marcia!" Lady Belle repeats; and the wistful look deepens, a cloud falls on the brightness of the fresh sweet face, and Marcia feels they are on dangerous ground.

"Well, my dear Lady Belle," she says, with a solemn expression of calm disparagement of the good things of life, "I have had trouble enough in my life to make me very thankful for the comforts around me; but it doesn't do to prize those things too much, you see."

"Well, but you married the man you loved so dearly!" cries Lady Belle. Marcia is dismayed to see the color rise in the emotional girlish face, and the pathetic dark eyes grow suddenly dim with tears. "You married him, and you said he was a good loving husband—you are happy together in your own pleasant home, and you have a dear little child—you could not well be happier!" Lady Belle says passionately. "There could not be greater happiness on earth!"

The common-place, shallow-souled woman—from whose heart the memory of her own despairing romantic love is fading out in the every day prosaic, married affectionateness—listens to the girl's wild words, which sting her with remorse, in absolute silence.

Lady Belle is silent too for some moments; and then, as she sits close beside her friend on the couch, she lifts up the heavy fringe of Marcia's elegant Parisian mantle, and admires it, and praises it as no other woman on the list of Mrs. Broderick's acquaintance would be honest or unenvious enough to do.

"It is very graceful, and most becoming," she says sweetly, " and must have been expensive, Marcia dear."

"Nearly three hundred francs, dear," Marcia answers rather grandly—"not much, you know, for one of Renaud's mantles—this style of fringe is the very last thing out."

"Beautiful!" Lady Belle says, weighing the silken flossy threads in her little white hand. "By the way, Marcia dear, do you ever see or hear anything of—of Sir George?"

Marcia starts as if a scorpion were suddenly revealed to her amongst the fringes. She reddens and looks down suspiciously at Lady Belle, who is apparently counting the silk threads for her life,

"I have not seen or heard anything of him for a long times," Marcia replies shortly.

"How was he looking when you did see him?" persists Lady Belle in a low voice.

"Much as he always looked, Lady Belle," Marcia answers coolly—"getting grayer, I think."

But Lady Belle draws closer to her friend—quite unresponsive as that lady sits, and wishes herself anywhere but where she is—and clasps her little hands on Marcia's shoulder, and lays her face down on her hands.

"Marcia," she whispers, "I am afraid I did wrong."

"How so, Lady Belle?" Marcia asks, getting "aggravated," as she says to herself.

"I am afraid I did wrong to leave him—I was his wife—I ought not to have left him," she murmurs half inaudibly.

"Well, Lady Belle, if you recollect," Marcia says, getting vulgar and coarse in her annoyance and discomfiture, and raising her voice, "you said he didn't want you, that you were too young to be a company for him, and all that. I don't see very well what you could have done, except what you did—leave him; and I can't see for the life of me that time can have made any alteration."

"It has made an alteration, Marcia," Lady Belle answers with sweet womanly dignity, raising her flushed face with tear-wet eyelashes. "I was only a foolish girl then—I am a woman now; two years have made me a woman, Marcia; and I know more, and I know my own heart and feelings now."

"Well, do you mean to go back to him now?" Marcia asks bluntly. "He lives quite a bachelor life at his club, and all that, you know, Lady Belle; and a man of Sir George's age generally has his habits settled."

Lady Belle does not seem to notice her friend's tone; her hands are clasped together in her lap, her fair head drooping penitently.

"I will go back to him if he should ever need me," she continues firmly. "I have done wrong. I married him and I—I broke my vows when I left him and went away—too proud and independent to stay and humble myself, and be obedient and meek as a wife ought to be. Sir George is my husband—my own husband"—and, to Marcia's utter amazement, Lady Belle looks up suddenly, her pure young face lighted up with a passionate joy and pride—"and a wife should not leave her husband, Marcia, should she?"

"Certainly not," Mrs. Broderick is constrained by conjugal morality to admit.

"Then I should not leave my husband," Lady Belle goes on decisively. "And—and, if he wants me, I will go back to him and be as good and patient a wife as I know how to be. Lady Broderick told me in one of her letters that he has a great deal of money; and perhaps he is often troubled and anxious—and—and—no wife—no home."

"My dear Lady Belle, you can't say that a gentleman with a splendid country house, splendid chambers in London, and a splendid club, has 'no home,'" Mrs. Broderick interposes sarcastically. She is absolutely losing her temper over the discovery of Lady Belle's "new whim," as she calls it mentally. "And as for Lady Broderick's talk," she continues spitefully—for her artistocratic relative is Marcia's thorn in the flesh—"it's not polite to say so perhaps, but I really would not swear by any story I heard from her. Sir George is rich enough to lose money ten times over!".

* * * * * *

"He's nothing of the kind, my dear, I can tell you!" says Mr. Broderick, when his wife gives him a slight summary of her visit and ends by denouncing Lady Broderick's "tattle." "Sir George Gardiner has been losing money in handfuls, and making unlucky speculations these last two years. He seems to me to have had no luck since his marriage."

And the facts were as Jocelyn Broderick had said. Not only losing money, but heart, spirits, and health. So when an English paper came to far off Brittany in which an item was given stating that Sir George Gardiner was seriously ill, in fact at the point of death, was it accident or fate that brought it under Lady Belle's eyes?

It was a matter that called for short consideration what she should do. The light of a strong determination lit up her face, and without giving a hint of her purpose to the Brodericks, after the most hasty preparations, she was bent, fast as the wings of steam could carry her, for her home. For, she asked herself, feeling a slight flush rising to her cheek, was not where he was her home?

Arrived, speeding to his sick chamber, and her instant and thorough devotion to his recovery had their due reward. But what pen could describe the meeting between husband and wife, when coming back from wandering on the shore of death's river, the light of reason and recognition once more came to his sight. There are some scenes almost too sacred for words and this was one of them.

But when explanations were made, when each overburdened heart poured out its longings, and its sorrows, and lips met lips in the sweet kiss of thorough happiness and reconciliation—the sadness of the past all barred out—no wonder that the physician half wondered at the miraculous work achieved by his medicaments.

The rest need not be told. Many of Sir George's dreams in the former days came true in the after time and so did those of his wife.

Lady Broderick frequently felt herself puzzled at their content with each other, and even Jocelyn and Marcia sometimes wondered whether their apparent happiness was not in part assumed. But down in her heart there was the deepest gratitude for the lasting love and joy that had come into her life and this was enough for Lady Belle.

[THE END.]

NOT QUITE THE SAME.—Slight mistakes in speaking a foreign language, or in understanding it when some one else speaks it, are commonly nothing more than amusing; but a member of the Alpine Club mentions an instance of a more serious nature. He was climbing with a guide, who, as he says, persisted in talking bad English instead of indifferent French. "My guide had just crossed a snow-bridge over a wide crevasse, and turned to await me on the farther side. I asked him if it was weak. He answered, 'No strong.' Naturally I attempted to walk across it instead of crawling. I had almost reached the other side when the bridge gave way, and, after a delirious scramble to save myself, I subsided helplessly into the crevasse. However, I did not go far, and, when I had crawled out with snow down my neck and up my arms and in all my pockets, I discovered that my friend had meant 'Not strong.' I strongly enjoined him to reserve his English henceforth for use in the valleys."

With Two Lives.

BY M. S.

"OH yes!" said the doctor, flicking the ash off the end of his cigar, and settling himself back in a deep smoking-room settee; "of course, we medical men open a good many family cupboards by accident, and come across a good many family skeletons. But we cannot usually talk about them; much less publish them. Otherwise the 'Diary of a Physician' might be multiplied indefinitely, and very good reading it would make. Now, here is a curious drama which played itself out within a few steps of my consulting-room down at Chelsea. I don't know that it proves anything, or conveys any lesson; except that in London no one takes much notice of anything that does not hit him straight in the eye."

We all turned slightly in our chairs to listen; for the doctor's criticism certainly did not apply to himself. He took a deal of notice of things that went on around him, and many things, both fair and foul, happen in Chelsea. And the results of his observations were generally worth hearing.

"Every morning," continued the doctor, "just as I was getting ready to start on my round of visits, I noticed a girl pass my door with books under her arm. Soon after twelve, about the time that I returned, she was generally to be seen coming back along the street, still with the books under her arm. I inferred that she taught in a school."

"Ah! You were interested in her then," remarked one of the men.

"Well, in a speculative kind of way," said the doctor. "For she was an attractive girl, of a quiet, unobtrusive type, with thick dark hair, and dark expressive eyes. Sometimes I noticed that there were dark rings round her eyes. She looked overworked; and I was rather sorry for her. I know what school teaching means.

"One day an old fellow came into my consulting-room and said he wanted me to come to see his daughter. 'She was a bit nervous and depressed,' he said. 'It was without her knowledge that he had come, for she was much against seeing a doctor.' Well, I went round that afternoon, (the house was close to my own), and found my patient was the little governess. At the first glance, it seemed to me that she was horribly overtired. She was listless, and scarcely had the energy to answer my questions. Her father assured me she was not overworked, and that she went to bed every night at nine o'clock. I could find nothing definitely wrong with her till I examined her heart. It was weak, and any sudden violent excitement might be dangerous, if not fatal. But her life, as I gathered from her father, was so uniform and uneventful, that there was small danger of that.

I took rather a fancy to the old fellow, and, after my first visit, often went in to smoke with him in the evening. He was an interesting man, a retired officer—Captain Wallace we'll call him—and had a good many experiences, grave and gay. Of his daughter, Mabel, I did not see much. She seemed shy and reserved, as though she were not much used to the society of men. And at nine o'clock she always shut up her book, gravely bade us good night, and went up to bed. I was a little disappointed in her. She was very beautiful; but undeniably slow. It was a month or two after I first made the acquaintance of these people that I overtook Captain Wallace going home one evening at about eleven o'clock. He asked me to come in for a smoke, so we walked along together. Just before we reached his house I noticed the sounds of a music-hall song sung in chorus coming from a second floor window on our left. A hansom had just pulled up at the door, from which a couple of men in evening dress descended, and entered the house.

"'I have been complaining to the Vestry about that house,' said Captain Wallace. 'It's a disgrace to the neighborhood. What is more, it is just opposite my daughter's bedroom window, and I don't choose that her ears should be polluted and her eyes shocked by what goes on there.'

"We passed on, the strains of the rowdy chorus floating out of the open window, and entered Captain Wallace's quiet house.

"'My daughter has gone to bed by this time,' he said; 'but I daresay I can find you a whiskey-and-soda.'

"We sat talking and smoking till about half-past twelve, when I rose to go; Captain Wallace accompanying me to the door.

"'Hullo! What's that?' she cried, pointing along the street, as we stood upon the doorstep.

"A couple of policemen were standing at the door of the house from which the sounds of singing had come. But though the lights were still burning brightly, there was a silence inside. I moved a few paces up the street to see what was the matter, when a constable came running from the passage of the house into the street.

"'Where's the nearest doctor?' I heard him say.

"'I expect I am the nearest,' I replied. 'What's up?'

"I went up. Captain Wallace was stopped before he entered. On entering the room above I saw at once that the place had been raided by the police. An inspector stood by the door, while a constable stood guard over a roulette table in the middle of them. At the far end of the room were a group of men in evening dress, and several women, all looking startled and apprehensive. But I had scarcely time to notice them, or the champagne bottles and glasses strewn round, for my attention was at once directed to a figure lying upon the floor. It was a woman. And it did not need a second glance to see that it was Mabel Wallace.

"While making a hurried examination I had time to decide how to proceed. For she was quite dead, from failure of the heart's action, and I was determined, if possible, to save Captain Wallace the agony of this discovery. I stepped downstairs, and asked the Captain to go to my surgery with a note, asking for a certain case of instruments. In the note I told my servant to detain him till I arrived. Then I explained to the inspector that the lady was a patient of mine, and that she must be moved at once. I carried her downstairs and into her own room myself, undressed her with the aid of one of the women whom the inspector had allowed to come with a constable, and laid her in her bed. All without letting anyone in the house hear a sound. Then I went round and fetched Captain Wallace, telling him that my patient was better. I can tell you it was hard work talking calmly to him about the scene which I had witnessed, while I knew all the time that his daughter was lying dead in her room upstairs."

"Did the old fellow ever find out the truth?" asked one of the other men.

"Never," replied the doctor. "The next morning she was found dead in her bed, and I was sent for. Captain Wallace was heart-broken. But he never knew the truth. Of course, I could give a certificate."

"And what was the explanation of it all?"

"Well, it was never fully cleared up; for her death put a stop to the legal proceedings. But, from the results of my own inquiries, I infer that she let herself out of the back way when her father thought she was in bed, and spent her nights at this house, where she had hired rooms in another name, and where gambling, drinking, and all kinds of devilry went on. Anyhow, it is certain that by day she was a quiet, hardworking, and respectable governess, and by night very much the reverse. It's the most extraordin ry case of a double life that I have ever come across."

"WE WON'T GO HOME TILL MORNING."—An interesting story is told of this tune. When the army of the first Napoleon was in Egypt in 1799 the camp for a while was near the Pyramids. One afternoon about sunset the band was playing. The inhabitants of the desert had collected near and were listening to the music. Nothing unusual happened until the band struck up a tune which we now hear under the name of "We Won't Go Home till Morning." Instantly there were the wildest demonstrations of joy among the Bedouins. They embraced each other, and shouted and danced in the delirium of pleasure. The reason was that they were listening to the favorite and oldest tune of their people. The tune had been taken to Europe from Africa in the eleventh century by the Crusaders, and had lived separately in both countries for over seven hundred years.

THEIR DAY.

BY COVENTRY PATMORE.

An idle poet, here and there,
  Looks round him; but, for all the rest,
The world, unfathomably fair,
  Is duller than a witling's jest.

Love wakes men, once a lifetime each;
  They lift their heavy lids and look,
And lo! what one sweet page can teach
  They read with joy, then shut the book.

And some give thanks and some blaspheme,
  And most forget, but, either way,
That and the child's unheeded dream
  Is all the light of all their day.

"THE BLACK POND."

BY S. U. W.

CHAPTER II—(CONTINUED.)

A VERY faint smile curved Jocelyn's lips.

I will guarantee the safety of your necklace, Aunt Grace."

"I don't feel at all comfortable, I assure you, my dear. The man is quite a Mephistopheles in appearance. How long is he to stay? He is spoiling everybody's pleasure. Edgar is horrified about it."

"Edgar must learn to respect my guests," said Jocelyn icily.

"Oh, but that's quite impossible in this case, my dear. The man has C. A. D. printed all over him in large letters."

"Perhaps it is because those are his initials, aunt," said Jocelyn, with another of those wintry smiles that made Godfrey Wharton's heart ache as he watched her.

"Are they really? Well, I call that positively an inspiration of Providence—or his parents. I suppose it was his parents who christened him?"

"I suppose so."

The conversation dropped. But later on, in the drawing-room, Lady Carstairs was bristling with indignation again.

Dalgarno, who had had more wine than was good for him, chose to come and plant himself on a chair close by where she and her niece were talking confidentially together. Lady Carstairs drew her skirts aside ostentatiously.

"Oh, there's plenty of room," said Dalgarno, with a coarse laugh. "I can sit a little nearer Miss Garth if you are so pressed. I dare say she won't mind."

Jocelyn sat like a statue, hardly breathing for a moment. She knew that Godfrey Wharton was standing by and had heard the remark.

"Would you like me to throw the fellow out of the window?" he suggested to Jocelyn, in a tone perfectly audible to Dalgarno.

The latter laughed again.

"Yes, ask her!" he said insolently, twirling his fierce moustache with his scarred and seamy fingers, "ask her by all means, and see what she will say."

Godfrey's eyes were on Jocelyn's face. He made a step forward.

"No—no," said Jocelyn, putting out her hand. "I do not want a scene."

"I cannot stand by and see you insulted."

"He does not mean it—he does not know what he is saying," she answered in a low voice. "Don't you see that he has had too much to drink?"

"All the more reason why——"

Dalgarno, leaning back, surveyed the pair with a smile.

"Miss Garth and I understood one another," he remarked coolly, "and we don't want any interference from you, young man."

Again Godfrey's eyes sought hers. Why was she so completely in the power of this man?

"I cannot stand this," he said hoarsely.

"You must—for my sake," she said piteously. Then turning to Dalgarno, she said, in a different tone:

"I shall be glad if you will withdraw for this evening, Mr. Dalgarno. You are excited, and say things which are best unsaid."

"I shall not go! I have a right——"

Her eyes met the bold flashing ones fearlessly.

"You will go—and now!" she said quietly. "Come with me!"

She rose as she spoke. Dalgarno got up too.

"With you?" he cried with a tipsy hiccough. "That's a very different thing. Of course I'll go with you, pretty one—anywhere, to the world's end!"

As they left the room together Godfrey Wharton felt a sudden deadly faintness steal over him. She was in the power of this scoundrel—alone with him!

"Shall I follow them?" he asked Lady Carstairs in a voice that trembled with emotion.

"Oh, don't ask me!" said her ladyship, with a disdainful shrug of her silken shoulders; "Jocelyn is quite beyond me I confess. I suppose the cultivation of drunken gamblers is her latest fad. I will have nothing to do with the matter."

CHAPTER III.

IT was observed by all that when Dalgarno came down to breakfast the next morning, he was in a very different frame of mind from his last night's mood. Whatever spell Jocelyn Garth had used, she had used it successfully. Dalgarno was deferential to herself, and entirely irreproachable in his manners to everybody else. He treated Lady Carstairs with an almost slavish humility, which, as the latter never cast so much as an eyelash in his direction, was so much humility lost.

"By-the-way, what became of Aveline last night?" asked Lady Carstairs, languidly eating game pie. "She did not come to the drawing-room as usual."

A flash of trouble stirred Jocelyn's eyes, as a flash of lightning might disturb the serenity of some still lake. But it passed so quickly that only Godfrey Wharton observed it.

"She was not very well. She had a headache," she answered briefly.

Lady Carstairs said no more, and the subject dropped. But Dalgarno, who had been listening attentively, pricked up his ears.

"Who is 'Aveline?'" he asked Rose Carstairs, who was sitting next him.

"Aveline Harberton," replied the young lady succinctly.

"Is she staying here?" asked Dalgarno impatiently.

"She lives here."

Rose Carstairs spoke to Dalgarno only when she was obliged, and then as shortly as possible. But when Dalgarno was bent on questioning he generally elicited answers.

"Is she Miss Garth's companion, then?"

"Miss Garth has no companion. Aveline is a child. Since her mother's death she has lived here always."

Dalgarno asked no more questions, but he had apparently found something to meditate about. He scrutinized Jocelyn's face every now and then with a puzzled look.

After breakfast most of the party hunted up their skates. The air was gloriously keen and clear—an air to make one drunk with exhilaration, as though with strong wine. A sharp frost had held an iron sway for weeks on the home ponds. There was much chatting, and laughing, and clinking of polished steel blades as the party made ready to start.

They were all going—every one of them, except Jocelyn herself and Lady Carstairs. Dalgarno, in an overcoat with a showy imitation sealskin collar, was swinging a pair of skates in his hand which he had borrowed from Godfrey Wharton, who happened to possess two pairs. He thought he might as well begin to enjoy himself as soon as possible. The little business with Jocelyn could wait. He was well pleased with his present quarters, and was in no hurry.

He had not skated for years. The ring of the metal on the clear black ice was as the trumpet of a war-horse to him. He was good at most physical exercises; he had been debarred from the enjoyment of them for long. He made the most of every flying moment.

Jocelyn escaped to her boudoir the moment the chattering, merry, glad-hearted party had set off. She was perfectly aware that Lady Carstairs was only waiting to pounce upon her for an explanation of her own extraordinary leniency of the night before. She was only safe in her boudoir. That was forbidden ground to every one.

Once alone, Jocelyn threw herself down on a low couch with a moan of almost unbearable anguish. She had dreaded this moment for long years. It had come at last. The Iron Hand which crushes us all alike, which has no pity for the weak, no throb of divine compassion for the happy, had struck her down also. As she lay there death seemed infinitely preferable to the life that lay before her.

She sat up at last, her face ghastly in its pallor, her hands pressed to her aching head. She looked dully round at the exquisite room where she had collected all rare and beautifully things—a room absolutely unique in its priceless hangings, and wonderful china, and delicate exotic flowers. This room, like herself, had found a master.

A low tap at the door alarmed her, and set her heart beating fast. Who dare to disturb her here, in the solitude which she never allowed to be invaded? Could it be——? Her heart gave a sick throb.

"Come in," she said faintly.

She had expected to see the evil eyes, and coarse, handsome face of her strange guest, but instead she met the firm blue eyes of Godfrey Wharton.

"May I come in," he asked diffidently.

He had never been in that room before. It seemed to him almost like invading a shrine. Everything in it was a reflection of the mind that had planned it. Its delicacy, richness, purity, were all—Jocelyn Garth.

She bade him enter with a faint smile.

"I thought you had gone skating?" she said.

"I started—but I came back. You look so ill!" he added deprecatingly.

"It is only a headache," she answered; "you must not spoil your morning for me."

He hesitated.

"Of course there is no need to tell you that a morning with you means heaven for me," he answered, with a short laugh. "But I own I did not come back for that alone. Dalgarno is cutting quite a dash on the ice," he added, in a different tone.

"I should have thought he would have been cutting figures instead," said Jocelyn, with an attempt at lightness.

He took no notice of it.

"I came back to see if I could help you," he said abruptly. "You cannot expect me to bear a repetition of last night's disgraceful scene! No man with blood in his veins could stand that a second time."

She turned a little paler.

"I do not think that it will occur again," she said in a low voice.

"How can you tell? How can you possibly guarantee even decent conduct from a drunken brute like that! He may insult you when I am not there—when there is no one near to defend you."

"You saw that I could manage him last night."

"Yes, but at what a frightful sacrifice! Do you want to go through such another scene again?"

"No."

"Then let me kick the brute out of the house! He is making you wretched, even ill. Give me authority to——"

"No. He must stay."

"Why, in Heaven's name?"

"Because there would be a worse scandal if he went than if he stays," she answered steadfastly.

He looked at her sharply. His eyes took in every detail of the weary face and drooping figure. A great love surged up within his heart, a longing wish to serve and cherish her; to bear her burdens for her; have her for his own, now and always.

"Jocelyn," he said steadily, "you know quite well that I love you. I have loved you for years, and you have kept me at a distance for years, why, Heaven only knows. Jocelyn! give me the right to guard and protect you, dearest."

He bent down, and taking her hand, pressed it to his lips. She tore it from him with a violent shudder.

"You must not! You must not!" she gasped. "Oh, I have tried to prevent this—you know how hard I have tried."

"Why?" He had let his hand fall to his side, and stood leaning against the mantlepiece, looking at her. "Why?"

"I cannot tell you," she answered, hiding her face in her hands.

"I will have a reason. I insist upon it. It is my due. A woman does not throw over the man she loves for a mere whim."

"The man she loves?"

"Yes; you love me," he answered firmly.

She looked up at him with horrified, dilated eyes.

"And you ask me to give you the right to defend me against him?" she said, with a laugh that made him shudder.

"I do. Why should I not?"

"Because you, of all men, have the least right to do so."

"Why?" he repeated unmovedly, not taking his eye from the wild, white face before him.

She stood up suddenly, swaying a little, and leaning one hand on the back of the sofa for support.

"Because," she answered slowly, her gaze on the ground, her whole figure trembling with emotion, "because it is not my lover who must defend me against my husband."

Godfrey Wharton uttered a little inarticulate cry, and shifted his position slightly. The silence that followed was so intense that it seemed filled with vague, unearthly sounds.

At last he spoke.

"Your husband! That man! Am I dreaming, Jocelyn, or are you telling me the truth?"

"It is true," she answered in a flat, lifeless voice.

He moved towards her.

"Sit down, Jocelyn," he said gently, "and try and tell me all about it. Perhaps I can help you even now."

She shook her head, but she obeyed him. He sat down on the sofa by her side and took her hand, speaking to her as he might speak to a child.

"Try and tell me all about it, dear. The burden is too heavy for you to bear alone."

Not a word of his own cruel disappointment; of the hopes cherished for years killed in one moment; of the fair dream-castle he had built, now reduced to the grayest of ashes. His only thought was for her.

Jocelyn began her story. She told it haltingly, but the kind hand that held hers seemed to give her strength and courage.

"I met him abroad first. He was a friend of Robert's. He is an Italian I believe, though I only know what he has chosen to tell me himself. I think Robert had some reason for wanting me to marry him—but I do not know. He fell in love with me—and—and followed me to England. Robert stopped abroad, but he wrote to me and said that Dalgarno was a good fellow, and he hoped we should be married. I was just eighteen then."

"The scoundrel!" muttered Godfrey between his teeth.

"Well—we were married," she went on, in the same hopeless tones, taking no notice of his interruption, "we were married privately one morning, and no one ever knew anything about it."

She paused.

"I was not rich then. Uncle Anthony was still alive, and it was very uncertain as to whether he would leave his money either to Robert or me. He had many other relations, and we were very poor. At any rate there would have been no chance for me if he had known of my marriage. So Dalgarno persuaded me to keep it a secret."

She paused. Godfrey mutely noticed that she never called her husband by his christian-name. He felt an insanely overpowering curiosity to know what it was—what was the name that she had called him by in the days when she was Dalgarno's bride.

She went on.

"I was a governess then, teaching in a school in Harwich. I had to earn my own living, and there was no one to look after me. I went on teaching after we were married. We were in lodgings there for some time."

Her face flushed at the remembrance of those days, and he pressed her hand in silent sympathy. He dared not ask her if she had ever loved her husband. It was agony and shame to think that any other man had called her his wife except himself.

"Dalgarno was never unkind to me, but he was away a good deal and I was left very much alone. One night, when we had been married about a year, he came home in a great state of excitement, and told me that he was being pursued—that there was a warrant out against him—that I must help him to disguise himself and escape. I did help him, and he got away. But only to be caught and brought back."

She covered her face with her hands with a shudder.

"Go on," said Godfrey, steadily. He must know all if he was to help her.

"He was caught. It was for forgery. He has been in prison for seven years."

So this man, this convicted felon, with the coarse sin-hardened face and seamed and scarred fingers, was the husband of the beautiful, gracious, refined woman before him, whom he had hoped one day to call his wife. Oh the pity of it!

She went on, still without tears.

"Soon after he—disappeared, Uncle Anthony died. He left me his whole fortune, because he said I was probably the only one of his relations who did not expect it. Then I came here and have lived here ever since."

"How did you know—he was out?"

"I did not know. He is out before his time. He behaved so well in prison!" she answered with a faint laugh. "But when he walked in yesterday—it seems centuries ago already—I did not even feel surprised. I knew it would come some day. The sword has been hanging over my head for years. It has fallen at last."

He took her hand again.

"Poor child! Poor deceived child!" he

murmured tenderly, "I can no longer be your lover, dear, but I am your friend always. We will fight this man together."

"He is difficult to fight," she answered dully, staring straight before her.

"The law cannot compel you to live with him."

She drew her head up proudly.

"I would rather die than live with him again—as his wife. But how can I prevent his presence here? I cannot turn my own husband out of doors."

"It must be done, nevertheless. You can give him money."

"I have offered it him, but he will not take it."

He smiled a little.

"In these enlightened days, Jocelyn, no woman is compelled to live beneath the same roof with a man whom she dislikes, even though he is her husband."

"No—I know," she answered, frowning a little.

"Well, then, give him the money and let him go. It will have to come out I suppose about—— I don't know why it should though. You could make it worth his while to keep quiet."

"He pretends to love me still!" She shuddered again. "I do not want to do anything yet—have a scandal before all these people. I want to get the house-party quietly over before I do anything."

"I understand."

Godfrey had kept his own love and jealousy well in the background until now. He was but human, and it burst forth.

"I cannot bear to think that such a man has called you wife! Oh, it is a bitter blow, Jocelyn. I would give my life to undo the past."

"The past can never be undone," she answered sombrely. "Don't you remember Dumas' words: 'Le passe est la seule chose pour laquelle Dieu est sans pouvoir.' We can never escape the rash consequences of our own mad acts."

Godfrey looked at her—refined, "spirituelle," fair as a lily. By what strange charm had Dalgarno won her?

As he looked at her, she spoke again; this time her face was turned away, and her voice was only a hoarse whisper.

"He—he has a stronger hold still over me, only he does not know it! Godfrey, I have not told you all!"

"What is it?" asked Godfrey Wharton in terrified tones, an icy fear clutching at his very heart.

"When—my husband was in prison," said Jocelyn, "I—oh, Godfrey, cannot you guess?"

She turned her lovely, flushed face to his.

"Aveline——" she murmured, her eyes full of a divine mother-love that swallowed up all lesser feelings of regret and shame, "Aveline——"

"She is your child—and his!" murmured Godfrey Wharton, stumbling to his feet with eyes full of a despairing dread. "Oh, this is more than I can bear!"

A dull flush of jealousy and anger—the jealousy and anger that urge men on to kill—surged in his cheeks and made his heart beat thickly. Then it faded and left him deathly white.

He staggered from the room without another word. It was not a time for speech. Words would have choked him.

CHAPTER IV.

THAT night Dalgarno made himself agreeable in a less obnoxious sort of way. He sang several songs after dinner in a very fair tenor voice, and his manners had decidedly improved. One or two of the guests were ready to vote him not such a bad sort of fellow after all. He talked freely too about his travels. There appeared to be very few countries which he had not visited.

Jocelyn sat aloof, and wondered how soon the sword would fall. Godfrey watched also, and racked his brains to think of some way out of the difficulty for her.

It seemed to him that there was no chance of concealing this hateful marriage much longer. All the world must soon know that his beautiful Jocelyn was the legal property of the swarthy, handsome man who sang Italian songs and wore showy jewelry, and whose insolence was only kept within bounds by certain considerations for his own personal welfare.

Of course Jocelyn could allow him an income; but that would not do away with the one awful fact that he was her husband. That he was a convicted felon entitled her to no divorce. They two—the fair, proud mistress of Boraston Hall, and the vulgar, scheming forger—would be man and wife to the end of time.

He did not speak to Jocelyn that night, but he was always hovering near her, conscious of her least movement, ready to serve and help her. But Dalgarno, when he did address Miss Garth, did so in a perfectly respectful manner, and there was no need for Godfrey to listen to every word he said.

Lady Carstairs asked again for Aveline.

"I am not going to allow her in the drawing-room again until every one has gone, aunt," answered Jocelyn quietly. "She gets so excited."

"I am sure I think you are quite right, my dear, only it is such a very unusual thing for you to do! I have advised Aveline's being kept in the background for years, and you always allowed her to do as she liked.

"I must have seen the error of my ways, Aunt Grace."

"I am very glad. I never thought you would. Such a fuss as you always make of the child! She might be your own for the care you take of her."

Jocelyn's face remained unmoved, but Godfrey Wharton, who was standing near, turned away his head to hide the purple flush of jealousy that had crept into his cheeks again.

"Now, at the ball to-morrow," continued Lady Carstairs, fanning herself, "what are you going to do with this Dagloni man? You cannot introduce him to all your guests."

"I suppose Mr. Dalgarno can take care of himself as well as anybody else."

"Oh, better I should say. He has a fund of assured impudence, which might be entertaining if it were not so abominably vulgar. What I mean is that I should not care to see him dancing with Rose or Lucy for instance."

"It is quite simple for you to tell Rose and Lucy that they are not to dance with him."

"It depends whether he is tipsy or not, my dear. It won't be at all simple if he is—which he certainly was last night. Only think how unpleasant, Jocelyn, for one of my daughters to be mixed up in a drunken brawl!"

"What do you wish me to do?"

"Why, send him off by the first train to-morrow morning, of course. Tell him that you find you haven't a room to spare, and that you will be delighted to see him some other time."

Jocelyn's pale lips curved into a smile.

"I am afraid that is hardly practicable. Rose and Lucy must use their own wits to avoid dancing with him."

"Really, Jocelyn, you are very obstinate—and—and unpleasant," said Lady Carstairs with ladylike annoyance. "What the Countess will think of your new guest, I don't know!"

Dalgarno at that moment was trilling an Italian song out of a comic opera, and performing wonders in the way of runs and shakes. Lady Carstairs decided that he had been on the stage.

"It is a most mysterious thing," she persisted, "that you who are so fastidious should be so completely in the power of that mountebank. You never confide in me, Jocelyn, but I cannot help suspecting that the wretch is in love with you."

Again Jocelyn smiled.

"And I with him? Quite wrong, my dear aunt. How wrong, time will show!"

She moved away, and talked to her various guests for the rest of the evening. It was not till the morning of the next day that she had her momentous interview with Dalgarno.

The frost had broken; a complete thaw had set in. The roads were in a melting, slushy condition, and the ice on the home ponds no longer really secure. There was much grumbling about the weather, and the more daring of the guests suggested a skating expedition in spite of it.

"Pray don't think of it," said Lady Carstairs, anxiously; "you might all be brought home dripping and half-drowned. I never can see the joke of trying how nearly one can get killed. It is much simpler to fall down in front of a carriage and pair, than to see how near you can go to a rotten piece of ice."

So it was decided that the party was to amuse itself indoors, and not be brought home in a damp condition to spoil Jocelyn's furniture.

Dalgarno was summoned to Jocelyn's own boudoir by Jocelyn's own maid, a discreet elderly person who knew how to be silent.

He entered the room with his most swaggering air. Jocelyn was sitting gazing into the fire. She seemed to him to be particularly fair and girlish-looking, and a slight throb of the old forgotten love that he had once felt for her thrilled his heart once more.

"You're looking a slight prettier than when I left you seven years ago, Jocelyn," he remarked.

"Please don't trouble about my looks. They can be nothing to you now—if they ever were. I did not ask you to come here to pay me compliments."

He sat down on a sofa covered with exquisite brocade, and stretched out his legs to the fire luxuriously.

"Don't be so confoundedly stiff, Jocelyn. There is no reason why we shouldn't let bygones be bygones and settle down together comfortably, Darby and Joan fashion."

"You can dismiss that idea once for all. I would rather kill myself at once than spend my life with you."

"'Till death do us part,'" quoted Dalgarno in drawling tones. "You used to have a conscience, Jocelyn. I was never a bad husband to you. I don't know why you cut up so rough, now I've come back."

She did not answer him for a few moments. Then she said abruptly:

"I will give you a thousand a year if you will leave this house to-day and never come back to it."

He laughed derisively.

"I should be a fool to do that. You can't turn me out, and I mean to stay and share your ten thousand a year instead of going away like a whipped cur. By Jove! I wonder you dare to propose it."

"You will certainly never live at Boraston Hall."

"I certainly shall, my dear Jocelyn," said Dalgarno, getting up and walking to the mantlepiece, where he stood eyeing her curiously. "What is there to prevent me?"

"The law. You cannot force me to live with you."

"Probably not. But I mean to share your roof at any rate."

She clasped her hands with a speechless gesture of despair.

"I tell you you shall not! You cannot come here without my consent."

"I am quite aware of that. But I mean to gain it."

"How?"

He leaned towards her.

"Do you no longer love me, Jocelyn?" he asked in a low voice.

She shuddered away from him with a violent gesture of repulsion.

"I never loved you. I know it now."

"And you refuse to treat me as your husband? You refuse to allow me to live beneath the same roof with you?"

"I do! A thousand times I do!"

Dalgarno fixed his evil eyes on the fair flushed face.

"Very well," he remarked. "You have made your choice, and you can abide by it—if you like. Only, in the event of your doing so I shall take my child away from here to-morrow."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EYE SERVICE.—There is nothing more humiliating to a right-minded person than to be watched. There is nothing more annoying to an employer than the spectacle of men hard at work in his presence, but idle, or dilatory so soon as his back is turned. A man who is desirous of earning his wages works at all times during business hours, but one whose chief anxiety is to draw his salary, is better out of the way than in it, and is, moreover, dishonest. Whether the engagement be for one year or one week, the agreement, on the other hand, is to pay a certain sum for the services of an individual; on the other, to work faithfully and honorably for the said term. What would be thought of the employer who should, on pay-day, withhold a portion of the salary by reason of the contract not being kept by the workman? He would be universally condemned as mean beyond precedent: but is there any more justice or honor in frittering away an employer's time, or deceiving him by a pretended performance of work, than in withholding an employe's salary? None at all. Labor is honorable, and the man who works for his living, whether with a pen or a hammer and chisel, is to be respected, but no one respects a man who is constantly trying to evade his duty.

BOW-LEGGED MAN: "What do you think of my new saddle-horse?" Friend, examining it critically: "It seems to be a perfect fit."

A SAFE CURE FOR WORMS, an efficient Tonic besides, may be had in Dr. Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge. It utterly destroys Worms, and acts beneficially in the Dyspepsia and General Debility of either children or adults .Sold by all Druggists.

Scientific and Useful.

A BIG ONE.—Ceylon has a spider which spins a yellow web the threads of which are almost as large as buttonhole twist. Its webs are often from six to eight feet across.

GLASS BRUSHES.—A new industry has been started in this country, that of making glass brushes, such as are used by china decorators for burnishing the gilding on china after it comes from the kiln. These brushes are mostly imported from Bohemia.

BICYCLES.—A writer in Hardware remarks that in the use of rubber tires for bicycles it must be borne in mind that no oil, varnish or grease should be allowed to touch them. Oil is an enemy to rubber. Care in this respect should be had in applying the oil to bearings.

AMBULANCES.—A bicycle ambulance is one of the latest inventions and consists of a bicycle with an ambulance attached. The stretcher is fastened to the top of the bicycle, and the wounded or sick person lying on the stretcher can then be rolled along in a gentle and safe manner.

HAMMOCKS.—The ideal way to hang a hammock is to place it six and a quarter feet from the ground at the head, and three and three-quarters at the foot. The rope that secures the head should measure about one foot—it is better to be less—and at the foot about five times that. The object of this is to keep the head comfortable by being nearly stationary, while the lower part of the hammock will swing freely.

ROOM MEASURES.—In a catalogue recently issued the following rules are given for the measurement of rooms to determine the exact amount of paper required to cover the surface. As most paper, when trimmed, is 18 inches wide and 24 feet to the single piece a piece will contain 36 square feet. Measure the length and height of each wall in feet and multiply. Add together the number of square feet of each wall, getting the total number of square feet. Divide this total by 36, which will give you the number of pieces required for side wall. Allow one-half piece of paper for each door and window. To allow for waste in matching it is safer to divide by 33 instead of 36. To find the number of single pieces required for ceiling multiply length by width in feet and divide by 33.

Farm and Garden.

CATTLE AND WEEDS.—There is one thing that cattle will not do for the pasture field, and that is, destroy the weeds. Sheep will do it better, but if you want the weeds wholly cleared out and prevented from going to seed, you had better mow them. The best way to do it is to drive the machine about the field.

STOCK.—A specialty in stock keeping is all right after you have thoroughly learned the business of handling them. But until you have done that, it is wise to keep stock as an adjunct to the business of general farming, and to keep as much of a variety as you can, so as to utilise in the best way the products of your land.

GRAIN.—The following mode of storing grain is pursued by the Russian farmer: A pit is dug in the ground, in a well-drained place, and the sides are hardened by a long exposure to fire. Before the grain is introduced, straw is ignited in the pit to purify and dry the air. The grain is thrown in and packed close. It is said to have been preserved in this forty years without deterioration.

BUTTER.—An experienced butter maker claims that if the churn is first scalded with hot water and then rinsed with cold water, the cream will not pack into the corners or crevices, nor adhere to the sides. Then, after the churning and the withdrawal of butter and the buttermilk, reverse this process—that is, first thoroughly rinse with cold water and then scald with hot water, and the operation is complete.

HOGS.—There are several reasons why the medium hog is more profitable than the big one. It is the hog that butchers and packers want. It matures early, and so can be marketed without being fed through a major part of the cold winter—the time when feeding costs money. And it can be brought into marketable condition at short notice, so that you can take advantage of almost any temporary rise in prices.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY }

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

A. E. SMYTHE, Publisher.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 14, 1894.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

[IN ADVANCE.]

1 Copy One Year	$2.00
2 Copies One Year	3.00
4 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club	6.00

Additions to Clubs can be made at any time during the year at same rate.

It is not required that all members of a Club be at the same postoffice.

Remit by Postal Order, Postal Note, Draft, Check or Registered Letter.

ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

Address all letters to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Publication office, 725 Sansom St.

To Contributors and Correspondents.

Contributors must enclose stamps for return of MSS. in case of rejection. THE POST will not be responsible for them where this condition is not complied with. Always enclose postage for correspondence, or other business matter requiring separate reply, to insure response.

On Nagging.

"Life is a great bundle of little things," said "The Professor," when he began his "Breakfast-Table" talks in Dr. Holmes's book. It is a useful platitude agreeably disguised. It is with man as it is with Nature—quiet incessant action is more powerful in the end than convulsive force. The hearty wind which we welcome as a friend, the brisk frost that sets our nerves a-tingle with pleasure, the "gentle rain from heaven," the water falling with music and swaying to the touch with a softness that gives us the origin of the idea of a flexible yielding to opposition—all these things are incomparably more powerful than the great catastrophic sensational occurrences which they bring about—the falling of great masses that spread a dramatic ruin around.

And so there creep into the lives of men and women little wearing change-bringing influences that may prove in the end more fateful than any of the great passions on which we lavish attention—more fateful even than love itself. It is a very mean, small, common influence of this kind that we have taken as a subject—a very undignified expression of human character, and yet of immense undermining power in its slow small way. Can anything wear out love? the poets sometimes ask in their perfervid moments. To which we reply with the inquiry, Will nagging?

Nagging is the slow incessant oozing of temper dropping with an irritating pit-pat on the nerves of the listener, the drip of restless criticism, the picking of happiness to pieces with the pin of small fault-finding, the habit of pretending and finally believing that nothing is quite right and perpetually and ineffectually saying so. The nagging person, instead of living equably day by day and week by week, taking life in leisurely draughts and regulating it by fixed principles, lives only from moment to moment; and the chance influence of what is happening just now, however trivial, has the power of giving at least an appearance of worry and miserableness.

The naggers, if we may coin a term to suit the character, would be amusing to the looker-on were it not for the thought of the suffering of those who have to endure this small but wearing tribulation. For example, they generally start either with the idea that everything would go wrong without their ceaseless interference and protest or they start with the idea that they are smart and tart and spicy in talk; and their friends encourage the mistake.

It is hopeless to attempt to hold back the fact that the great majority of naggers are women. Here and there a weak chattering man may be met with whose tongue cannot be still, and whose temper or sense of ineffectuality leads to incessant fault-finding or railing; but, on the whole, the vice is feminine. Experience confirms literature on this point. The scold and shrew are invariably drawn as women, and curiously enough not seldom as wives.

One wonders how the woman whose tongue clacks all day in the attempt to set things right that are not wrong was able to secure a husband; but the whole process may occasionally be watched. One may see a big kindly fellow, whose wits move none too quickly, following in the wake of a sharp-spoken girl, he glancing round triumphantly when she gives a stinging reply, and wearing on his face, as she rattles along with her criticism of her neighbors, an expression of inquiring admiration which means, "Isn't she a wonder?" He does not see and she does not see that all this talk is nagging.

Let age wear away the freshness of the youthful spirit, or let the temper become soured by disappointment, crossed by trouble, or worried by too much business, and this flow of talk will take a disagreeable tinge, and may end by tormenting all who are within its reach.

The sharp tongue of which the young husband was proud and which he glorified under the name of "spirit," saying, "I like to see a lass who has some spirit," will be made an instrument of torture if the man be of a nervous temperament, and, however heavy he may be, will finally give him a sense of relief when he is out of reach of its relentless sharpness.

It is in the household, which should be the very home of peace, where nagging is principally practised. It cannot live in a society atmosphere, for it is essentially personal and anti-social. It shows itself most unrestrainedly in the management of servants. There is a class of women who are like the troubled sea—they cannot be at rest. Their idea of management is limited to irritation. They never gently suggest that a piece of work might be done in a better way, showing what they mean by experiment; their one plan is to find fault.

Any now we come to the most crucial phase of the rather disagreeable question before us. Nagging is fatal to the proper relations between mistresses and servants, and is deadening to the choicest susceptibilities of children; what, then, must its effects be on the relations of man and wife? A nagging wife or husband cannot be answered; there is no remedy, and imperviousness or escape the only palliative. From the house where fault-finding chatter about little matters babbles on all day, the sweetness and restfulness of life disappear, and first comes irritation, then a weary unhappiness, and lastly often an impatient dislike sometimes deepening into hatred. It is a terrible outcome of what many regard as a little fault.

There are tens of thousands of homes in which wives are sad and disconsolate because of their husbands' neglect, and they wonder why he should spend so much of his time elsewhere. It would not be amiss if in all such cases the questions were asked, "Do I unnecessarily bother him about little things? Do I keep old sores open? Do I think it a duty to remind him unceasingly of his faults? Do I nag at him? Is there any reason why he should feel inclined to escape from me?"

Alas, we are well aware of the prevalence of cases in which husbands are careless, inconsiderate, callous and have no cause for leaving their wives in loneliness! We know that the runaway tongue is only one of many causes of estrangement; but it is a frequently recurring cause, and women do not realize how they are undermining their happiness by a drip of fault-finding.

How much of your conversation is cheerful, good sir or madam? Have you ever thought carefully of this—that the first objects of talk are convenience, information, enlivenment, and the first objects of talk are convenience, information, enlivenment, and the expression of sympathetic feeling, and that disparagement comes a long way behind? The nagging person makes the great mistake of putting disparagement first, and disparagement, too, in its most teasing shape. The wise will pardon this word to them, though it be disagreeable.

THE man capable of contributing to the world's good by his original thought is not always the one to push his thought into notice or to battle against opposition. Not unfrequently he retires discouraged, and either abandons his project or merely cherishes it in secret, and dies without disclosing it. Surely such loss to the world must be laid at the door of those who have stifled his hopes and weakened his hands by their words of discouragement!

THERE are two kinds of envy. In the base mind it degenerates into downright hatred of a superior, with a desire to deprive him of what the envious one cannot possess; while in a noble soul it goes no farther than emulation, or a desire to equal or surpass the person in question. Oh, how subtile and almost imperceptible is the difference between the seed of one's virtue and vices!

SEEK relaxation for mind and body among a set of people who hold broad views of living. Narrow-minded men and women—and the world is full of them—will give you only distorted ideas of life—ideas that will change the most healthful disposition into one that is morose, churlish and ill-natured. Be careful, then, whom you choose for your companions.

PHYSICAL defects are much oftener the result of physical sins than we are apt to suppose. It is true that some of these sins are directly traceable to our ancestors, and others to our ignorance, yet a sufficient number remain which are due to our own self-indulgence or self-will, pursuing its desires in defiance of the well-known laws of health.

A MAN must go out into the world to find his true counterpart, a familiar friend. It is little likely he will find it among his own relatives; or, if he do, there is a risk that it will be associated with narrowing influences which are not wholly compensated by its intensity of partiality.

THERE is a great deal of talking that means but little and ends in nothing. Not consciously insincere, it yet poorly represents the true feelings; it merely dilutes the will and weakens the purpose.

EXERCISE gradually increases the physical powers, and gives more strength to resist sickness. It does for the body what intellectual training does for the mind—educates and strengthens it.

THE first institution vouchsafed to our race was the Sabbath; the next marriage. So give your first thought to Heaven, the next to your wife.

GRACIOUS words, sympathizing attentions, watchfulness against wounding men's sensitiveness—these cost very little, but are priceless in value.

THAT is not real benevolence, which covets the luxury of feeling benevolent, rather than the good of others.

METAL will certainly rust if not used, and the body will assuredly become diseased if not exercised.

THERE are people who say they would like to do good who don't smile once a week.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

J. C. S.—Do you mean the Scotch word "fey?" It means having a presentiment, a foreshadowing of something about to happen.

A. B. X.—If a gentleman is engaged to a young lady he may address her by her Christian name when writing a letter to her. The terms of endearment must depend a great deal upon the intimacy existing between them.

GLADYS.—Fixing a time for marriage is always an affair for the parties themselves to settle. No young lady would have anything to do with a man who wished to make an engagement abnormally long without giving her any reason for so doing.

NELLA.—If you are visiting at a friend's house by request, and they invite you to attend a place of amusement, it would not be proper for you to offer to pay your own expenses. You can return any such compliment or attention when they visit you.

HARRY.—A knot and a mile are not quite the same thing; though the former is called a nautical mile, it is really about twenty-seven yards over a mile, according to land measure not so much in a single one, but considerable when distances have to be measured by hundreds and thousands of knots.

T. O. D.—The formation of mud shoals at the mouths of rivers is due to the admixture of salt water with fresh water holding fine particles of mud in solution. The pure water is so affected by the contact that it throws down the mud which it might otherwise have held in suspension for many days.

PICKWICK.—We are not able to tell you the origin of the gaiter, except that as the name is French the probability is the article originated there also. Their primary object is to keep the thin-clad shins or ankle joints warm, and for that purpose they have been worn by men over both boots and shoes for many, many years.

M. D.—The horse on the driver's left hand is the near horse, and, of course, the other is the off one. The custom of so designating them is supposed to have arisen from the fact that in driving ox teams, or other teams where the driver goes on foot, he usually walks on the left side of the team, which makes the animal on that side the one nearest to him.

NANCY LEE.—The dipping of the flag is in all cases, except between warships of different nationalities or in presence of royalty, a mere act of courtesy, with nothing imperative about it. This is so especially in the case of merchants' vessels, where the dipping is just what would the hat on the part of the owners on land would be.

PAUL.—The French-German indemnity was paid to the representatives of the German Empire, and is now stored away in vaults in Prussia, preserved against the day when it may be required to equip the armies of the empire for another struggle with the hereditary foe, or with any other antagonist whose assault might threaten disaster to the empire as a whole.

E. G. F.—Cochineal, a dye-stuff used in dyeing scarlet and crimson, and in the preparation of the colors known as carmine and lake, consists simply of the bodies of the females of a species of insects which feeds upon plants of the cactus family, particularly on one designated the cochineal plant, but known in Mexico as the Nopal, from which the cultivators derive the name of nopaleros.

READER.—"Open sesame" originated in the story of "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves," one of the legends of the "Arabian Nights Entertainments," being the magic words which caused the door to the cave of the Forty Thieves to open, when pronounced by one in possession of the secret. Sesame is a grain found originally in India, but which is now cultivated in many tropical and subtropical countries.

E. L. D. V.—Possibly you are lacking in serious sentiment and earnestness. Many girls find it hard to prize the love that is freely offered. They crave what is out of their reach. This is due to lack of judgment and self-respect. "Far fetched and dear bought is prized by ladies," is an old proverb. We advise you to endeavor to appreciate and love the friends and lovers who seek your society, and cease repining.

R. C. A.—Presents are sent to the bride at her home, and are sent before the ceremony. Sometimes they are sent almost as soon as the invitation is received. It does not matter whether the invitation includes the breakfast at the house or is only extended to the ceremony at the church; the presents are sent to the bride's home, and she will not neglect to acknowledge the receipt of the same as soon as she has an opportunity to do do.

GROWING.—You are old enough, and should have had sufficient experience of the world to be able to judge for yourself in the matter about which you ask advice. Too great a disparity between a man and his wife is unadvisable, whichever happens to be the elder; but it is more objectionable when the lady has the advantage. There may not seem so much difference now, but as years go on you will find that a woman ages faster than a man, and that when you have begun to go down the hill, and feel an old woman, your husband will be in the prime of life, with all a man's strength and spirit about him. Still, of course, there are many instances in which such marriages as you speak of are suitable and happy; but still we should say, pause before you make up your mind.

A REFUSAL.

BY SHIRLEY WYNNE.

Oh, do not ask me, dear again,
For youth is dead, and with it gone
Its hopes so bright, its joys so fain,
And Winter hastens on!

'Tis too late now; the flow'rs are dead,
The leaves are falling one by one,
The twilight deepens overhead,
The singing birds are flown.

More solemn songs than songs of love
Thrill the forsaken woodland ways—
Voices that breathe of rest above
Though earthly joy decays.

Not here, but in that land above—
That Summer-land beyond our ken—
If haply you should speak of love,
I'll haply listen—then!

Guestwick Hall.

BY S. U. W.

WHAT was that old song which used to be sung when I was a lad? How did it go? Something about the he's and the she's. I know it meant that, however up and down the men-folks might be at the Hall, the women-folks were on their feet, so to speak, from January to December. You ought to know that song, Dave Brand."

The speaker was a ruddy-faced man, with a town look about him, as the simple villagers could not help feeling. His clothes had a newer cut than the Lundley tailor ever attempted, and he had various aristocratic ways which exercised a paralysing influence upon men who adopted no fashions except those of their forefathers; he used a quill toothpick, and that was awe-inspiring in a company which found the small blade of a pocket-knife both handy and efficient. Then he carried a pocket-handkerchief every day in the week, a luxury which at Lundley was reserved for Sundays and holiday times. It was difficult to feel quite at home with Siah Hudson, though he was a native of the village, and he had spent his boyhood among the people there, just like one of themselves.

Dave Brand was the blacksmith, a man of considerable importance under ordinary circumstances, but always suffering from a sense of partial eclipse when in the company of a man who had gone into the wide world to fight the battle of life. As Dave said:

"The way of such is to patronize us. They talk as if they could do more with cold iron than we can do with hot, and as if they could get a blast without bellows better than we can with 'em."

The general opinion was that Dave did not like to play second fiddle where he usually played a more important part; but, with a magnanimity born of compromise, his neighbors called it public spirit to each other, and thought their own thoughts about it in secret.

All eyes were turned on Dave when Siah Hudson asked about the song. Several old friends had responded to Siah's suggestion that he would like their opinion about the Marsh Mist ale, and they were seated in the parlor of the Marsh Mist Arms, drinking at Siah's expense, and, for the most part, taking their cue from him in reference to the quality of the brew.

"A homely sort of tipple," said Siah, holding up a glass against the light, and examining it critically with one eye closed. "Brewing is a fine art in the big towns, but this is homely, like blackberry dumpling and 'taters boiled in their jackets. Ay!"

He breathed deeply, as if prosperity had separated him from indulgences which unsophisticated people might still enjoy with impunity. He was in the hay and straw business at Sheffield, and his friends could understand that social distinctions had their penalties. There was a local equivalent for noblesse oblige, which said, "T' ganger mustn't slink, whoever else does." Several men in the parlor would not have thought life worth living if slinking had been an impossibility. But, for the moment, they were free to keep their boots unlaced, wear their caps with peaks at the back, and take surreptitious naps whenever chance favored them.

Dave's back was up. He was drinking his ale from a pewter pot, as he usually did, though all the others had glasses. This might have been expected to mollify him completely, but he felt that his self-respect demanded some further protest, therefore he replied in a surly tone:

"Fine-weather songs are right enough in fine-weather times: but when everything is soft and sloppy, and the rain's coming down worse and worse, and it seems wetter than you ever knowed it before, what's the good of singing, 'Fair shines the moon to-night,' or, 'A song and a cheer for our bonny green stack'—what's the use?"

Dave looked round, not because he expected any answer, but because he wanted to enjoy the sight of a dumfounded company.

Siah Hudson was equal to the occasion.

"Jokes go free till Christmas," he said, "and why not songs? You know that song, Absalom Enderby, I am sure."

Absalom was an old man in a smock-frock. He had been looking despondent because nobody had taken much notice of him, but this direct appeal cheered him greatly.

"Yes, I remember the song," he replied tremulously; "and before I lost my teeth I could sing it fairly; but teeth have a deal to do with singing and whistling, not to mention eating your meat."

"The chorus is what I mean," Siah interrupted. "It runs in and out of my head like a mouse popping into a trap and back again without touching the bait or loosening the spring. How does it go?"

"The chorus is nothing by itself," said Absalom, becoming sad again; he was afraid lest a coveted privilege was about to be wrested from him. "The song says:

"The earl he was a mighty man,
With courage great and high;
But the lady she was pale and wan,
With sorrow in her eye.

"Then the chorus goes:

"Oh, the he, and the he, and the he, and the he,
They all was a rampant tribe;
But the she, and the she, and the she, and the she,
No language can describe."

"That's it!" Siah exclaimed joyously. "All of us:

"Oh! the he, and the he, and the he, and the he."

The chorus was sung several times, all the company joining in except Dave Brand, who put his hands in his pockets and looked up to the ceiling, as if his thoughts were far away.

"There's a deal of truth in old songs," Siah said at length; "but they are only true so far. They are not like the Bible or a ready-reckoner; they are more like an almanack, which hits the weather off sometimes, and then misses it altogether. Did anybody ever hear of the ladies in the olden time giving their husbands the slip and going nobody knows where?"

Every head was shaken except Dave Brand's, and he emptied his pot with a long draught, as if that meant more to him than any scandal which can be mentioned.

"You must have the verse of the song!" Absalom insisted. Then, without waiting for permission, he sang:

"The earls may roam the wide world through,
And Guestwick Hall shall stand;
But if the ladies prove untrue,
It sink beneath the land."

"Things of that sort ought to be forgotten," said a little man called Tippet, who had a squeaking, tearful voice. "It is like tempting misfortune to mention it. There's nothing near the Hall but marshland. It is on a bit of a hill, that's true, but I have heard tell that it might as easily be swallowed up as not."

"A Mr. Fossbrook it was she disappeared with, was it?" Siah asked, ignoring Tippet.

"It was," replied Absalom. "He was a good-looking gentleman, bright and laughing in his ways. More so than the Squire, who was mellower by some twenty years. Ellen Winks, she speaks up for the Squire; naturally so, seeing that Ellen is of a contradictory turn. Dave Brand, here, and Ellen, have some big tussels over it; and Dave, he does lay it on heavy, having a gift of words which do as well as swearing without being wicked."

The cloud began to lift from Dave's forehead, but Tippet would drag the subject back to the possibility of Guestwick Hall being engulfed.

The Hall stood on a slight elevation, but in nearly every direction was marshland, through which an indefinite kind of river, called the Sough, crept along. There were many embankments, and, under favorable circumstances, a practised walker could cross the marshes on the elevated footways. The chief danger to be feared arose from what was called marsh-steam—a white mist which often floated in thin layers over the spongy ground. The traveler's head might be above it, and his feet might be plunged in dense white fog, which would prevent him distinguishing between solid earth and reedy pools.

Lundley village was not more than a mile from the Hall, and the people had been familiar from their earliest years with the mysteries and dangers connected with the Marsh. Some of them believed that the Hall itself might sink out of sight.

"It is bad enough to have the Hall blighted," said Tippet sorrowfully, "but what should we do if it was swallowed up? It will be a bad job for the laboring people if the Hall be shut up at Christmas time."

"The place has been blighted, that is true," said Absalom, "since Mrs. Guestwick and that young Mr. Fossbrook disappeared."

"The Squire moping about, nobody knows where," continued Tippet, as if the song had done it all. "Here's Christmas coming. What are laboring folks to do?"

The company broke up soon afterwards, and Siah Hudson took his departure, feeling thankful that his happiness and prosperity did not depend upon the village of Lundley or the integrity of Guestwick Hall.

* * * * * *

It was indeed a serious matter for Lundley when Guestwick Hall was closed, for it was closed, except that one or two servants remained, and the nurse who had charge of Rosy, the infant daughter of Squire Guestwick. Absalom Enderly was the Lundley patriarch, and he could not remember the time when any such calamity had befallen the place.

"My memory is clear since I was that high," said Absalom, indicating about three feet from the ground; "boy and man have I lived here, as you can testify, and I have never seen the likes."

Being the patriarch of Lundley was an enviable position; the misfortune was that nobody could enjoy the honor long, for a man or woman was sure to be advanced in years before he or she became the oldest inhabitant. Absalom thought it was too bad that, when his turn came, there was nobody from the Hall to stop him and ask his age, or to listen while he related what he had seen seventy years before. He said it was just like his luck, for things had always been a bit with him. If he had a hen that was a better layer than usual, she was sure to be one of those contradictory creatures which would rather lay away than at home.

Lundley people could endure the misfortunes of their neighbors with quite an ordinary amount of equanimity; but, unfortunately for them, as they sometimes said, what bit one bit all, and they were ready to render an amount of sympathy with Absalom which took him by surprise.

Coverwood Guestwick, or the Squire, as he was called, had not followed the Guestwick custom of marrying young. The villagers at one time were troubled in their mind lest he should remain a bachelor all his life. The only Guestwicks whom they had ever heard about who did not marry were said to have been a "sorry lot," and fear was expressed lest Coverwood should act in the same manner. To them, sequence meant consequence, and they did not take pains to disentangle ideas which were unwelcome to them and caused them pain. But, at length, all need for nice distinction of inference was removed by the Squire bringing home a wife.

"She is not more than half his age," said the patriarch of the day, who happened to be Absalom Enderby's uncle, old Saul Barber, "and there is something about halving ages and doubling risks, if I could only just put my tongue round it."

Saul never did put his tongue round it, because he died soon afterwards, and one of his deepest regrets was that his place of honor would next be filled by his own nephew, "a lad of eighty-two!"

The wife whom the Squire brought home soon won the hearts of the people, and her husband appeared to love her with that jealous love which was customary with all the Guestwicks.

"There never was a Guestwick," said Absalom Enderly, "who was not jealous. But that is so, just as the Hall is near the marsh. Things often look worse than they are. I have known strangers come into these parts, and they thought the Hall was unhealthy because of the mist; but that's all fancy. The village is near the marsh too; and yet, barring asthma and rheumatics, and now and then a touch of ague, there is not much to be said against us."

Speeches like these promised to make Absalom popular; and he knew that something was needed, because it was not usual for a village patriarch to be nephew of the previous patriarch. There was no denying his age; but still, it looked as if something was wrong when the oldest inhabitant was a person who not long before had called somebody uncle.

Very little was known about Mrs. Guestwick except that she was beautiful, and kind to everybody with whom she had dealings. Her home was said to be in a distant part of the country, neither in Nottinghamshire, Yorkshire, nor Lincolnshire—those were the three counties which could be seen from Guestwick Hall—and all the rest of the land was supposed by Lundley people to be very remote from them.

"Foreign parts, or nearly so," said Absalom, who had not been twenty miles away from home in his life.

When little Rosy was born, the people who believed in omens were satisfied, because, as they remarked,

First a girl,
Then an earl,

was the mode of procedure in the old times when the Guestwicks were noblemen. They preferred that the eldest child should be a girl, and they hoped the time would come when "Earl" would take the place of "Squire" as the designation of the head of the house. It seemed wasteful that a pithy rhymed couplet should be inappropriate, and as they could not by any alteration of words make the lines suitable to altered circumstances, they trusted that something would be done to place the family in its old position again.

During Coverwood Guestwick's bachelorship not much company had been entertained at the Hall.

"Nothing like his father's time," said the old people.

"And that was nothing like the grandfather's time," said the few ancient ones who professed to remember the doings of Stewart Guestwick, about whom many traditions had been handed down.

The Lundley people admired goodness as a quality, but, to judge by their remarks, they had special fondness for those Guestwicks who had not been very good; always excepting the bachelor ones, who were classed by themselves.

After the Squire's marriage the Hall continued to be very quiet, and it was commonly whispered among the villagers that jealousy was the real cause of it.

"He is a Guestwick, he is, in some things," said Absalom Enderby; "too much of a Guestwick in some things, if possible; like Bobby Sneaton's chimney. 'What do you think of that for a chimney?' Bobby asked. 'Too much of it,' says I; 'too much of it for the size of your cottage.' 'That cannot be,' he says, 'the more chimney, the more room for smoke;' and so it proved, but, some ow, the smoke liked the chimney so well that it would not go out. Then I told Bobby there should not be room enough in a chimney for the smoke to turn round in. 'Don't make it too comfortable,' I says to Bobby."

Whatever the reason might be, there was not much company at the Hall. But Elton Fossbrook was a frequent visitor there; and there were people who said he would have made a better husband for Mrs. Guestwick than the Squire could possibly become.

Ellen Winks, the village dressmaker, never agreed with that opinion, and she was wont to express her dissent from the popular sentiment in language which could be neither mistaken nor enjoyed.

"A man for husband rather than a lad," she said; "and only a parcel of twaddlers would think differently."

"Neither man nor lad seems to have fancied you," was Dave Brand's reply. Ellen was a spinster, and in Lundley there was no tendency to take the edge off a repartee, however unpleasant the fact might be which the rejoinder contained.

Elton Fossbrook was a kinsman of the Squire; a bright, handsome young fellow, whose sunny ways contrasted in a marked manner with the quiet and thoughtful humor which was natural to the master of Guestwick Hall.

If the Squire was ever jealous, he carefully and successfully hid it from view, and his young wife was always lively and pleasant when Elton was present. Perhaps the Squire knew that he had a tendency towards jealousy, as all the family had, according to report, and being a wiser man than the most of his ancestors, he may have set himself to live down any feeling of distrust within his own nature. He knew that it was like insanity to suspect his pure and childlike wife, and he could not help regarding it as dishonor to harbor anything like a distrustful feeling towards Elton Fossbrook.

But one day he turned from a meeting of county magistrates, to find his home had been deserted by his wife and his kinsman. There was no note, or anything giv-

ing an explanation. The child was left behind, but the nurse was utterly bewildered, and unable to throw any light on the mystery. Alice Rayner, Mrs. Guestwick's maid, had also disappeared; and, was nowhere to be found.

* * * * * *

Men who are wise enough to have discovered that they are not perfect, and who have learned to distrust their first impulse, are often perplexed when disagreeable circumstances arise. They seem to hear two voices within themselves calling loudly for them to act in opposite and contradictory directions; and they know by experience that they cannot obey both voices at once, and they are afraid lest they should do what is not only unwise, but what will render a better plan for ever impossible.

Terrible thoughts passed through the mind of Coverwood Guestwick when he discovered that his wife was missing, and that Elton Fossbrook was missing also, but he controlled himself sufficiently to betray nothing by word or look which would rankle in his memory after the mystery was explained, as he hopes would be the case.

It was almost midnight when the Squire returned from Eastford. Mrs. Guestwick and Mr. Fossbrook, he learnt, had gone out for walk at about two o'clock. Then Jim Travis had come to the Hall, saying that his master had met a messenger from Eastford, which was the nearest telegraph station; the messenger had a telegram for him, which compelled him to start for London at once.

"I was just coming from Lundley at the time," said Jim, "and he told me he would ride with the messenger, as there was no time to lose, for he must catch the fast train at Eastford, and I am to follow with his things to-night. Mrs. Guestwick has gone to Newton Lodge, and Woods is to take the carriage for her. I will take the dogcart to Eastford, and leave it at the Dog and Partridge."

All was hurry and confusion. Jim packed his master's things and put them in the dogcart. The butler wanted to send something with Jim, to bring the trap back, but there was not room, for Alice Rayner said she had to go as far as Four Lane Ends, which was on the way to Eastford, and she could not walk the distance, because she had to take a parcel which her mistress was sending to Miss Percival.

"It will be all right," said Jim; "the horse will be well looked after at the Dog and Partridge, and I must be off." So, before any further objections could be raised, he cracked his whip and started.

Woods, the coachman, had taken the carriage to Newton Lodge, according to instruction, but had learnt there that Mrs. Guestwick had not called. That was not the only puzzling circumstance, for the Squire always rode from Eastford when he happened to be alone, and, as usual, his horse was stabled at the Dog and Partridge. When he started from Eastford, some hours later than Jim Travis ought to have reached the town, nothing was said about the dogcart being there. The Squire knew there was only one explanation of that: Jim had not done what he said was his intention; either he had not gone to Eastford, or he had taken the horse and trap to another house.

Alice Rayner did not return, and when a messenger was sent to Four Lane Ends, the next day, nobody was much surprised to learn that Alice had not been near, and that Miss Percival had expected no parcel from Mrs. Guestwick.

The discovery, however, which caused the Squire most agony, was that Mrs. Guestwick's jewels had all been taken away, and various other valuables, besides a considerable sum of money, which was kept in a small safe in the bedroom, which also usually contained the jewels.

It caused no surprise when a note was received from Doncaster to say that a horse and dogcart which had been left at the Swan was recognised by a visitor as the property of Mr. Guestwick. The landlord humbly waited Mr. Guestwick's instructions in the matter.

The Squire started for Doncaster at once. When he reached the Swan he saw his own horse there and his own dogcart, but nobody could give any explanation which afforded either clue or satisfaction. A boy had led the horse into the stable-yard and had offered it to be put up, saying "the gent himself" would be there in a short time. But the "gent himself" had not made his appearance. Nobody knew who the boy was, or anything about him.

There had never been such a scandal in the district within the memory of man. It was said by some people that they had long expected something of the kind, but it is a weakness of human nature which makes many persons try to purchase the prophet's reputation at the cost of truth and consistency.

The story which Jim Travis had told the butler at Guestwick Hall was soon proved to be false. No telegram for Elton Fossbrook had been received at Eastford, and therefore no messenger had been sent.

The opinion was often expressed that Coverwood Guestwick did not act in the best possible manner when he set out to live a quieter and more seemly life than his forefathers. The logical conclusion was that, if people do not seem to be tolerably bad, they are at heart very bad indeed.

The Squire went to Fossbrook's home, but his friends had heard nothing about him, and they were as angry at what had happened as the aggrieved husband himself.

Guestwick Hall and its surroundings became hateful to the Squire; he could not endure the sight of people who knew him; so nearly all the servants were paid off, the Hall was closed, and he went away, nobody knew whither.

"It will be a bad job for something if the Squire finds those runaways," the people of Lundley said to each other in a whisper.

"I have heard it said by those who were old when I was young," remarked Absalom Enderby, "that some of the Guestwicks were terrible to beat when duels were fought, and I never heard of any among them who was served quite as bad as the Squire."

"I wouldn't be in somebody's shoes for a trifle," was an expression which showed what the prevailing opinion was about the fate of Fossbrook should the infuriated husband discover his hiding-place.

In some of the newspapers there were occasional paragraphs which stated that the couple who disappeared from a quiet retreat not a thousand miles from Eastford had made their home across the Atlantic; then it was a statement to the effect that a certain deserted husband, whose estate was within a moderate distance from Eastford, had also proceeded to America on an interesting quest.

The Squire did go to America, but he found no clue to the persons whom he was anxious to discover. He returned to England, and arrived in Liverpool the day before Christmas. It was eight months after his peace was destroyed, and during that short period he had changed more than most men change in ten years. Christmas had always been a happy time at Guestwick Hall, and it was the season which was associated in his mind with charity and goodwill. He knew that in Lundley there would be disappointment and perhaps destitution among the poor, and the customary benefactions from the Hall would be missed by those who had reckoned upon them as regular holiday cheer. But his heart had been hardened by what he had passed through, and he resolved that he would not go home again until the Christmas season was over.

He remained at the hotel, which was almost deserted, and he felt like a man who was utterly friendless in the world.

"What a Christmas Eve," he said bitterly, "after the Christmas Eves which I can remember! And to-morrow will be Christmas Day?"

Then he gazed into the fire, and longed for the time when Christmas would be past, for he felt as if he hated everything connected with it.

* * * * * *

Christmas Day was cold but not frosty, the air was thick, and the ground was black. It was just the kind of day which makes people glad to stay within doors. The Squire tried to read, but he could not fix his thoughts upon anything but the one grim subject. He had trusted—trusted with all the heart—and the result was base and cruel deception. If his mind turned to Rosy, his child, who was almost alone in the desolate Hall, he found nothing to cheer or comfort him. He had never spent such a miserable day, and was ready to hope that he would not live to see another Christmas. The dim light failed at last, and he knew that it was night; but he paid no heed to the hours, his thoughts were far away, and he could not feel sorry that the weather was so wretched. But at length he was unable to endure the hotel any longer, so he put on his thick overcoat and went out into the streets. He turned his footsteps toward the river, and seemed almost the only person in that part of the town. There was a church lighted up, and he could hear the strains of music. He knew what the people were singing; though the words were not distinct, yet the tune was very familiar, and his memory supplied all that was lacking. Only the previous Christmas that hymn was sung in Lundley Church. But for that recollection he might possibly have entered the sacred edifice; but fierce passions entered the soul, and he hurried on. He reached the landing stage at last, and paced backward and forward there. A mist had settled upon the water, and the fog-horns on the ferry steamers kept up their unearthly sound. There were some chairs under one of the sheds, and the Squire sat down and gazed upon the dreary scene. Dim lights, moving slowly, showed where the boats were working their way from side to side. The dull plash of the water could be heard, washing against the pontoons which supported the stage. People who arrived by the boats hurried away at once, and the stage became nearly deserted, time after time. The Squire noticed a wretched-looking woman, with a shabby shawl held tightly about her lean body, and he knew that she intended to beg from him.

"She may save herself the trouble," he muttered.

The woman seemed undecided, and passed the shed several times. At length she approached him, and said:

"For the love of God, help a poor woman who is starving. I have not tasted food this day, and I have not a farthing in the world."

What made the Squire start and seize the poor forlorn creature by the shoulder, as if he would crush her in his grasp?

He recognized the voice of Alice Rayner, his wife's maid.

Alice was terrified when she discovered that Squire Guestwick was the man from whom she had sought assistance. If he had not held her securely, she would have rushed away and flung herself into the sullen waters which made the stage throb with their unceasing movement.

"Where is your mistress?" the Squire asked, rising to his feet.

Alice was spell-bound and could not speak.

"If you do not tell me," he hissed, "I will throw you into the sea."

"My dear mistress," Alice sobbed, when she had recovered her powers of speech, "why did I ever leave her?"

"Where did you leave her?"

"At the Hall," replied Alice, with amazement. She began to suspect that the Squire was mad.

The story she had to tell was long and painful, and the Squire listened like a man entranced. That every word was true he never doubted for a moment, and though he heard and understood everything which Alice said, yet his thoughts seemed to be rushing to and fro, and he was all the time confronting the dreadful suggestion which her statement placed before him.

Jim Travis, Mr. Fossbrook's man, had made love to her, and had persuaded her to consent to a plan which promised to furnish them with abundant means for starting their married life together.

"We were to have everything ready," said Alice, "and while you were at Eastford were to watch for a time when Mrs. Guestwick and Mr. Fossbrook were paying a visit to the Rectory, or to Newton Lodge, and then Jim was to say he met them, and Mr. Fossbrook had started for London, and he was to follow him. Then Jim would pack the gentleman's things and start for Eastford in the dogcart. I was to get Mrs. Guestwick's jewels, and the money in her safe, and make an excuse that I had a parcel to take somewhere. Jim was to drive us to Doncaster, and we were to go somewhere and get married. But it was not until the day you were expected back from Eastford that we had a chance. Mrs. Guestwick told me that she and Mr. Fossbrook intended to walk across the marsh, as it was very fine, and there was no sign of mist. I knew very well that it would take them longer than they thought, and I let Jim know about it. When they had been gone half an hour, Jim came with his tale. We had some trouble to get off together, but we managed it at last, and Jim drove us to Doncaster. From there we took the train to Manchester, where we stayed some time, under assumed names. Then we thought it would be safe to cross the water and go to America, so we came to Liverpool. But Jim was in no hurry to go, but kept saying it was not safe. He got in with a bad lot here. One night he must have drugged my drink, for I slept very soundly, and when I awoke he was gone. He had taken everything with him and left me without a penny. I have not seen him since. If anybody ever suffered for sin, I have suffered since then."

"Do you know that they never came back again?" the Squire asked, pale and trembling. "Do you know that your mistress and Mr. Fossbrook never returned to the Hall?"

"Don't say that, sir," Alice sobbed. "Oh, don't say that! As we drove past the seven poplars we could see them by the deep cut, just past Stenby Corner. Then, when we reached the Old Close, I saw the mists beginning to drift over from the river. I told Jim, and he said, 'All the better for us.'" But I have seen the mist in my dreams every night, and that is what made me drink. When I dream I hear screams, and I know the voice, I know the voice."

Squire Guestwick asked a few questions about the exact place where Alice had seen her mistress and Elton Fossbrook; then without another word he hurried back to the hotel.

He could reach Eastford that night, he discovered, and therefore he started, though he knew well that it was impossible to do anything until the morrow. At three o'clock in the morning he awoke the few inmates of the Hall, and his first demand was to be taken to little Rosy. The child was fast asleep, and he surprised the nurse by kissing the infant until she awoke with a terrified scream; then he hugged her, and used again the pet names which he had lavished upon her before the trouble came.

It was a long and dangerous task to examine the marsh near Stenby Corner, but there were many helpers, and on the third day two bodies were discovered. In the clenched hand of Mrs. Guestwick was an open locket which contained the portraits of her husband and child. The wanderers had evidently strayed from the safe path and had slowly sunk to their death; the mist had prevented them being seen, and nobody had heard their cries.

Nothing was ever heard of Jim Travis again, and only a paragraph in the Liverpool papers, about an inquest on a woman unknown, who was found dead near the docks, with the name Alice Rayner on her tattered linen, gave any information about the fate of one who had sacrificed honor and comfort at the suggestion of the tempter.

The Squire looked an old man, and could not endure to have Rosy out of his sight. Though the Hall remained quiet, yet Lundley people had no reason to complain, for all the traditions about Guestwick generosity were put to shame by the benefactions of him upon whom the terrible bereavement had come. He called them thankofferings for God's mercy in keeping from him a dreadful shame.

* * * * * *

The next time Siah Hudson paid a visit to Lundley he was regaled with the story of wrongful suspicion which for a time had clung to the names of two innocent people.

"It shows," he said, in an oracular manner, "that we never know till we know."

Dave Brand's felt a strong desire to object, but he could not see an opening, so he attacked Tippet as a diversion.

"Tippet knows the Hall is on its feet again. Eh, Tippet?"

"All the laboring people in Lundley know," was the reply.

"When Tippet mentions laboring people," said Dave, "he means those fellows who ought to labor and don't like it, so they tell neat little tales to the Rector, and manage to meet the Squire when he is out for a walk."

That Little Old Maid.

BY M. E. C.

"OH, Aunt Fanny, how lovely! Are they for Laura, or for me?" The speaker, a pretty but rather an insipid-looking blonde, held up, as she spoke, a cluster of fine gold ornaments for the hair, a sprig of wheat and striped grass, very graceful and pretty. "Where have you kept them hidden?"

"They were a keepsake from an old friend, and have been among my treasures for thirteen years, Bertha," was the reply.

"But now they are for me," said the young girl, caressingly. "They will be so lovely for to-morrow evening, and I must look my best, for the girls will all don their most fascinating attire in honor of the occasion."

"Is it not rather marked to be so very anxious?" inquired her aunt. "In my young days, ladies waited to be sought and courted; but, to judge from what you have told me, this hero of yours may have any one in Silverdale for asking."

"Well, he won't know it," replied Bertha. "And, Aunt Fanny, he really is worth courting; he is so very rich."

"Is that all that is required, Bertha, in a

husband?" said her aunt, seriously.

"Well, it is the main thing, anyhow, now-a-days," replied Bertha. "But Lawrence Lane has more than riches. Before he went abroad, report says, he was one of the most talented men of the day; and that old Methodist, Lucy Harding, always speaks of him as a 'true Christian gentleman;' so I suppose he adds charity to the best of attractions; for she is not lavish of praise except on those who are willing to assist her."

"A true Christian gentleman!" Aunt Fanny repeated the phrase in a musing tone, while a soft came into her dark eyes, and a smile hovered ever her lips. Bertha, seeing that gold ornaments were not to decorate her hair, went off singing, while, with tender touch, Aunt Fanny replaced her treasures in her jewel-case.

The next evening Laura and Bertha, in fleecy white robes, with blush roses and other delicate flowers in their hair, and looping the lace folds here and there, stood before the long mirror in the drawing-room, pouting.

"I can't see what she wants to go for," said Laura, pettishly. "She hasn't been to a party since ma died, and that's ten years ago—the little old maid!"

"I wonder if she's going husband-hunting at her age?" said Bertha. "Why, she's thirty, if she is a day," and the beauty of eighteen shook her curls contemptuously at the idea of such an advanced age being attractive.

In the meantime the object of their ill-natured remarks, the gentle aunt, who for ten years had filled a mother's place to these, her sister's children, waited in her own room for her nieces. She had clad her small slight figure in a black silk, the severe simplicity of which was relieved by rich falls of black lace, delicately embroidered with golden clusters of wheat. Her round white arms and throat were not decked with jewels, but in the braids of black hair gleamed the golden ornaments which the little old maid had cherished for thirteen years. She was not beautiful, yet there was a charm in her sweet face, a grace in her gentle movements, and a music in her voice that were sought in vain in her more dashing nieces. As she waited, her eyes rested upon a letter discolored and worn, which had been long hidden under her treasured ornaments, and she read—

"DEAR FRANCES.—Since you will not disobey your father, and I cannot command the sum he demands to pay my late father's debt to him, we must part—part for a time only; for though seas roll between us, and we may not write, your heart and mine can never be wholly severed. Trust me—trust me, darling! for, though years may elapse, I will return, true to my pledge to you. Will you keep the little gold sprig I ventured to offer on your birthday, that something of mine may be yours? Oh, my darling, how I linger, dreading to write farewell! But it must be done. Your resolution, never to marry clandestinely, commands my respect, as your gentle sweetness has long ago won my love. Heaven guard you, and keep you from further sorrow! Till we meet, pray for

"LAWRENCE."

It was a brilliant party that Mrs. Haskins, the leader of fashion in Silverdale, gave to her returned nephew. He had left home struggling against fortune, and depressed with a knowledge of his father's large debts. Vainly striving to pay these, he had lived close, dressed with economy, and been well known as one upon whom the iron hand of poverty rested heavily. No farewell party had been given when he announced his intention of seeking his fortune in a foreign land. His relatives were rather glad to be rid of him; and, of all Silverdale, but one heart had ached for his loss, but one voice sent forth prayers for his safety, but one of all his friends watched for his return. No word had come to any, till a letter to his aunt announced his return after thirteen years' sojourn in Australia. All his father's debts were paid, and his lawyer spoke of large sums invested in various ways; so Mrs. Haskins consulted "her set," and the result was the brilliant assemblage which Laura and Bertha were to honor, and where that "little old maid," their aunt, was to appear in society after ten years' seclusion.

The hero of the evening had not appeared when the trio, under the escort of Mr. Leslie, Bertha and Laura's father, entered, but soon a movement near the door announced his arrival; a tall, distinguished-looking man, of thirty-five or six, with finished manners and a well-modulated voice; a man to notice in any circle, for the broad intellectual brow, and large honest eyes that greeted yours; but now, with the glitter of his wealth, a man, Silverdale thought, to fall down to and worship.

He had greeted the hostess, had made nearly the circle of the room, bowing to new friends, greeting with warm cordiality his old ones, when his eyes fell upon a golden ear of wheat, resting upon a broad braid of black hair. The light that sprang to his eyes, the smile upon his lips, carried such deep peace to one heart, gave one life of patient waiting such a new spring of happiness, that the words of polite greeting fell upon ears that scarcely heard them.

True—true! Her trust repaid—her long constancy rewarded!

No one else noted more than the quiet greeting of old friends; but two hearts were full of deep joy, rest after weary longing.

Some of the guests were invited by the returned Australian to a house-warming, learning, for the first time, that a new mansion, the building and furnishing of which had long been a source of speculation, was to be the future home of Lawrence Lane.

Of course, everybody accepted the invitation, and many a young heart fluttered at the thought that so splendid a mansion must soon need a mistress.

One week soon glided away. Aunt Fanny was very kind in helping to trim new peach-colored silks for the sisters; but there was an odd smile on her lip when Lawrence Lane's matrimonial prospects were discussed. A few days before the eventful night, Aunt Fanny, to her nieces' surprise, went on a visit to some old friends.

The evening appointed for the house-warming came at last. Carriage after carriage set down its load of fair beauties before the superb mansion, the windows of which blazed with light. Merry voices rang through the hall and rooms, gay footsteps flew from one beautiful apartment to another, till it was whispered—no one knew by whom—that the revellers were invited to meet the mistress as well as the master of the mansion. The closed doors, which shut off a small room from the long drawing room, were eagerly watched, as the guests assembled, and no host came to welcome them.

At length they were opened, and the tall, handsome hero of the hour entered, with a small, white-robed figure on his arm; and more than one cry of astonishment greeted "Frances Somers;" and more than one ill-natured whisper was directed at Lawrence Lane's taste in choosing, when all the beauty of Silverdale was before him, "That Little Old Maid."

DOGS AS DRAUGHT CATTLE.

The late Consul at Liege, has written an interesting report upon one of the most characteristic customs of Belgium, and one which not infrequently excites the ire of the British tourist—namely, the employment of dogs as draught animals. He say:

"From time immemorial this hereditary loafer has been given over to pleasure; but, like certain other of the privileged classes in this revolving world of ours, he has had his day—at least, in Belgium."

It appears that Liege, which is a wealthy and industrial city, employing as many horses as any other town of its size in Europe, shows at least two dogs in harness on its streets for every horse that can be seen. Dogs are employed by market-gardeners, butchers, bakers, grocers, porters, and express-men.

The dog's step is so much quicker than that of the horse that he will in an hour cover twice the distance and carry with him a greater burden in proportion to his size.

The usual draught of an ordinary dog is six hundred pounds, though a mastiff has often to draw as much again. Dogs are also used in treadmills for moving light machinery.

Mr. Smith relates that a gentleman in Liege, after losing the use of his legs, had a perambulator so constructed that a Danish hound, which had been his companion for years, could be hitched and almost concealed between the wheels, and now appears as regularly in his old haunts on the boulevards as any of his friends. The dog is described as being not only as happy as when he loitered at his master's heels, but manifestly proud of the service he renders him.

Dogs are kept like horses at livery in Belgium in considerable numbers, at a cost of from twopence to threepence a day, horseflesh and black bread forming the staple of their food.

Experiments in breeding, like those which have been so successful in the improvement of horses, are now being made with dogs to produce a style of animal especially fitted for harness. It is sought to graft the splendid chest and breathing capacity of the bulldog upon the stalwart stock of the mastiff, which has been found too long in the back and legs.

There are markets in Belgium where dogs are bought and sold for draught purposes as horses are at Tattersall's, and it is not unusual for a compactly-built and well-broken dog to bring four or five pounds. It is no cruelty to the dog to give him useful occupation, and, in fact, the testimony is that he really likes it.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

At a meeting in Cork, Ireland, recently, held for the purpose of furthering the interest of native manufactures, Lady Aberdeen said that she had never claimed that the so-called "Blarney Stone" shown at the Irish village during the World's Fair was genuine. She declared that she had never alluded to it except as a reproduction of the Blarney Stone. Nevertheless, most of the visitors to the village believed that the stone was the original, and no effort was made by the exhibition authorities to undeceive them.

A relic of the Presidential campaign of 1834, consisting of a copper coin issued by the opponents of Andrew Jackson, is in the possession of Ira H. Benjamin, of Romeo, Michigan. On one side encircling the centre are the words, "Perish Credit, Perish Commerce, 1834." In the centre is the figure of a hog running, with the words, "My Third Heat" on it, above the hog, "My Victory;" below it, "Down With the Bank." On the other side encircling the centre are the words, "My Substitute for the U. S. Bank." In the centre is a medallion of Jackson, and below it the words, "Experiment. My Currency. My Glory."

The Pall Mall Gazette has been publishing opinions as to "the worst railway in England." The following letter may be recommended as an admirable model: "Sir: The Southeastern Railway is the very worst railway in the world. Its engines are asthmatic; its lamps are trimmed by foolish virgins; its fare excessive; its carriages let in the snow in winter, and are furnaces in summer; its motto is unpunctuality; its principal station is approached through the neck of a bottle. It ruins the temper, destroys the digestion and enables one to realize the horrors of Dante's Inferno. I am, sir, yours obediently. The Worm Who Turns."

In order to insure sound sleep, Professor Scripture, of Yale, has for years plugged up his ears at night. He explains the process as follows: "The stick of wax is warmed over the gas over the flame, and a sufficient quantity is pressed off between the thumb and finger. This is placed in the entrance of the external meatus. In order to make such a fit that no sensations of touch are produced when the head is placed on the pillow the tragus is placed over it for an instant, and the end of the index finger slightly loosens the top and and bottom of the plug in the ear. Each morning the antiphones are thrown away. The selection of wax is a vital matter."

A strange story comes from San Francisco of a man in that city who is under the death sentence for murder, and whose physical condition is such that the execution of the sentence will be a somewhat difficult matter, and is causing the authorities no end of trouble. After the man had committed the murder he attempted to take his own life, and in doing so cut a terrible gash in his neck. A tube was inserted therein by the physicians, and since that time the man has filled his lungs through that medium. The location of tube is below the point where the rope will encircle his neck, and, consequently, if the drop should fail to cause dislocation, the man will simply remain suspended in the air, in no danger of death from strangulation.

One of the most pleasant sights of Central Park, on pleasant afternoons, says a New York paper, "is to see the procession of women bicyclists who ride in bloomers and seem to rejoice in their emancipation from skirts. They have ceased to excite astonishment and almost comment, and certainly demonstrate the common sense and appropriateness of a dress that is not only cool, sensible and comfortable, but modest and becoming. The latest bicycles for women are now being made without the drop bar, and we may expect to be able to discriminate between the sexes when on wheels only by the fulness of the trousers and the character of the back hair. An authority on the subject, who rides every day, tells me, however, that the majority of women will always prefer the drop bar as being more distinctive and feminine."

Besides the regular holidays, says the New York Sun, like Christmas, New Year's Day and Independence Day, there are special legal holidays in many States of the Union, such, for example, as Decoration Day, Arbor Day and Labor Day. Others of them are Jackson's Day in Louisiana, Mardi Gras in Alabama and Louisiana, Lincoln's Birthday in Illinois, Lee's Birthday in Virginia and Georgia, Davis's Birthday in Florida, Good Friday in five or six Satates, Mecklenburg Declaration Day in North Carolina, Admission to the Union Day in California and Nevada, Evacuation Day in New York, Thanksgiving Day in many of the States, and Washington's Birthday in nearly all the States. Every month of the year, with the exception of August, has a statutory holiday among its days, for some one or other of the States of the Union, but a number of the days are hardly ever celebrated in these times.

ACTIVITY OF THE IMAGINATION.—The faculty of imagination is the great spring of human activity, and the principal source of human improvement. As it delights in presenting to the mind scenes and characters more perfect than those which we are acquainted with it prevents us from ever being completely satisfied with our present condition, or with our past attainments, and engages us continually in the pursuit of some untried enjoyment, or of some ideal excellence. Hence the ardor of the selfish to better their fortunes, and to add to their personal accomplishments, and hence the zeal of the patriot and the philosopher to advance the virtue and the happiness of the human race. Destroy this faculty, and the condition of the man will become as stationary as that of the brutes.

YOUNG LADY: "How much?" Telegraph clerk: "Sixpence." "For that one word 'Yes'?" "Yes. Same charge for twelve words or less. You can repeat the 'Yes' six times if you wish." "Um—no, that wouldn't look well. It's an answer to a proposal of marriage."

Do you want to laugh? get that inimitable book "Samantha at Saratoga" and you can't help laughing. In that book "Josiah Allen's Wife," in a vein of strong common sense, yet pure and innocent as a child, keeps the reader crammed with the sharpest hits and funniest observations spiced with stinging sarcasm and flavored with sound moral lessons, as she takes off, in her inimitable, mirth-provoking style, the Follies, Flirtations, Pug Dogs, Low-Neck Dressing, Water Craze, Josiah's Perversities, Tobogganing, Roller-Skating, and a thousand other curious things that one of her keen sense of the humorous discovers in That World of Gayety at Saratoga. It is indeed the funniest book yet. See offer on another page.

PATENTS

NOTICE TO INVENTORS.

There was never a time in the history of our country when the demand for inventions and improvements in the arts and sciences generally was so great as now. The conveniences of mankind in the factory and work-shop, the household, on the farm, and in official life, require continual accessions to the appurtenances and implements of each in order to save labor, time and expense. The political change in the administration of government does not affect the progress of the American inventor, who being on the alert, and ready to perceive the existing deficiencies, does not permit the affairs of government to deter him from quickly conceiving the remedy to overcome existing discrepancies. Too great care can not be exercised in choosing a competent and skillful attorney to prepare and prosecute an application for patent. Valuable interests have been lost and destroyed in innumerable instances by the employment of incompetent counsel, and especially is this advice applicable to those who adopt the "No patent, no pay" system. Inventors who entrust their business to this class of attorneys do so at imminent risk, as the breadth and strength of the patent is never considered in view of a quick endeavor to get an allowance and obtain the fee then due. THE PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY, John Wedderburn, General Manager, 618 F street, N. W., Washington, D. C., representing a large number of important daily and weekly papers, as well as general periodicals of the country, was instituted to protect its patrons from the unsafe methods heretofore employed in this line of business. The said Company is prepared to take charge of all patent business entrusted to it for reasonable fees, and prepares and prosecutes applications generally, including mechanical inventions, design patents, trade-marks, labels, copyrights, interferences, infringements, validity reports, and gives especial attention to rejected cases. It is also prepared to enter into competition with any firm in securing foreign patents.

Write for instructions and advice.

JOHN WEDDERBURN,
618 F Street,
P. O. Box 385. Washington, D. C.

Our Young Folks.

BILLY'S EARNINGS.

BY M. C. C.

If you are not tired of stories about other boys and girls, perhaps you will like to hear how Billy Bray lost his sister's beef tea, and how he got some more. We often smile about it now, but we felt nearer to tears than smiles when first we heard it; and to Billy, at any rate, it was a very serious business.

Billy's widowed mother had lately come to Chilton with Billy and his sister Lizzie. She was terribly poor, and not very strong; and to add to her troubles, Lizzie fell seriously ill, so ill, that it seemed at one time as if she could not recover. Billy was wild with sorrow, and the poor mother's grief was harder to bear because she had not money for the strengthening food which she felt might save the child's life.

On the day when Lizzie seemed at her worst, the doctor looked grave, and said—

"Only very careful nursing will save her, and she must have strengthening food—a little beef-tea every hour."

He looked kindly at the sad-faced mother, and was about to say something more, when a message came, urgently calling him elsewhere.

Billy, who had been hovering at the bedroom door that he might ask the doctor as he passed if Lizzie would die, was too shy to put his question in the face of so much hurry; but mother's white despairing face frightened him when she came out.

"Will she die, mother?" he gasped.

"I don't know, Billy," she groaned; "but she must have strengthening things, and I have no money." Then she added hastily, "I must quickly finish this work and take it to Mrs. Simmonds, and beg her to pay me for it; 'twill only be a dime, but that will buy some beef."

So Billy watched by Lizzie whilst his mother finished the seam, and still kept his post when she took the work to Mrs. Simmonds, the grocer's wife; and Lizzie tossed and wailed in her sleep, and Billy's heart faint with grief.

Mrs. Simmonds paid for the sewing, and she also gave the widow a big packet of arrowroot for her sick child; so there was a smile on the little woman's face as she hurried home; and Billy was pleased to go off to the butcher's with the dime to buy beef: he felt happier when he was doing something towards helping Lizzie to get well.

His happiness was short-lived, however. Since coming to Chilton he had made one or two friends; and the chief of these was David Searle, errand-boy at a laundry. Now, David coming along, staggering under a basket of linen, sighted Billy coming towards him almost empty-handed. Division of labor is very sensible, and so thought David.

"Give a hand, Bill, to help this lumbering great basket up the steps here," he cried. "I've got to leave it at this house."

"All right," returned Billy; and laying his little parcel of beef on the ground, he gave both his hands and all his strength to his friend's service.

Poor Billy! By the time they had hoisted the basket step by step, and had interchanged a few words at the top, the parcel was gone—as might have been expected—and a lean big jawed dog lay in the dusty road, gnawing the beef—grit, paper, and all. It is but a small piece of beef which one receives for dime, and in spite of Billy's frantic rush at the thief, the treasured meat disappeared down the dog's capacious throat in a very few moments.

Then all Billy's grief came back to him with new ones added, and for very despair he sat down upon the bottom step and cried bitterly. David did his best to comfort him, but for Billy there was no comfort: he had carelessly lost the food which was to give his sister strength, he had wasted his mother's dime, and he had no money of his own with which to replace it. A dark look-out indeed!

When his first severe fit of grief was over, he wondered if by any means he could earn money to buy more beef; for as he sat there and thought of Lizzie tossing and wailing on her bed, and of his mother's white expectant face, his courage failed him; he was afraid to go home and tell of his carelessness; he felt that he must earn money somehow, or he could never go back to them again.

David could not loiter long, so with parting words of attempted comfort, and the advice—"Hold horses for pennies till you get enough; I would," he left Billy, and went on his way.

Billy rose sadly to take David's advice, and wandered on with a storm of sorrow and remorse in his heart, until he came to an inn where were a group of men and horses standing about; the former talking and laughing together, the latter tossing their heads and pawing the ground.

"Well, young man, what can we do for you?" cried one jovial farmer, as he noticed the boy standing near hesitatingly.

"I thought p'raps somebody might want his horse held," stammered Billy.

"Oh, well," returned the farmer good-naturedly, "you may hold mine if you like"; and slipping his arm from the bridle, he continued, "Here you are. Lead him to the market, and wait outside till I'm ready. I must be going there now about my business." So saying, he entrusted his horse to Billy's keeping, and they walked away together.

Billy's spirits rose, and he tried to calculate how long it would take to earn a dime; but as time passed and the farmer did not reappear, his hopes fell again, and he fretted and fumed as he stood there, unable to do anything but wait.

At last, after waiting two hours, the farmer came from the market-place, laughing and talking with his friends; then throwing a nickel to Billy, he rode away.

Billy allowed himself no time for pleasure or disappointment at his earnings; he ran as quickly as his feet would take him back to the inn; but by this time men and horses had all disappeared.

For hours Billy tried to get employment, but without success; and the day was passing, and his grief increasing, when he met another friend, who hailed him cheerfully.

"Hullo! Going to the circus?"

"No," replied Billy wearily.

"It's worth seeing. I'm going; and I'm going to ride the pony; there's a quarter for the one who can do it."

"A quarter!" cried Billy. "Does everyone have a quarter who rides him?"

"Yes," laughed the other, "if they can manage it; but nobody can stick on his back except the clown."

"How much is it to go in?" asked Billy excitedly.

"A nickel for us. Are you coming?"

"Yes, I'll come," agreed Billy; and he left all else to risk his treasured cents in this last attempt to get money for his sister.

The big white tent, the merry music, the scent of the trodden turf, the flare of the lamps, the feats of the performers, were all joys to Billy's companion; but with Billy they went for nothing. He stood there, white with grief and sick with impatience, longing for the time when "Joey," the pony, should appear.

At length "Joey" came, greeted by the clapping of many hands, and bowing his thanks in return; but Billy had yet to wait, for there were tricks to be gone through and jokes to be made before the merry clown made his offer.

Then up sprang Billy, with a hot spot of excitement on each cheek; but he was not the only one who wished to win the quarter—other boys pressed before him, and he had yet to wait.

Oh, how his heart beat as he watched them struggling to keep on "Joey's" back, and feared every moment that his last chance of getting Lizzie's beef tea was slipping from him!

At length his turn came; the lamps glared in his eyes, the great ring of faces swayed up and down before him as he began to mount the pony, and he could hear laughs, and jests, and the crack of the clown's whip as he clung to the saddle and scrambled up, only to be flung to the ground again. Once he really succeeded in sitting upright, but a word from the merry clown and a crack of his whip soon sent "Joey's" head down and his heels up, after which it was impossible to stay on his back.

This went on until the clown thought the audience had sufficiently enjoyed the fun, and he turned to dismiss the boy; but Billy's white despairing face surprised him.

"Time to give up, my boy," he cried, looking at him kindly.

"No, no, not yet!" cried Billy. "My sister is dying. I must win the quarter."

The clown stopped "Joey," the people fixed their eyes on the little group in the middle of the ring. They felt sure that something unusual had happened, but they could not hear the words. There was a pause, and Billy and the clown looked at one another, while "Joey" stood tossing his head triumphantly; then Billy's heart failed him, and he burst into tears.

The clown must have been a kind-hearted man, for he took Billy by the shoulder.

"Get up," he said; and turning to his pony, he cried, "Now, 'Joey,' let this young man ride you round the ring."

And before Billy could understand what was happening he had performed the feat on the obedient pony's back, and had won the quarter.

"The little fellow is going away," cried a kindly-faced lady to her husband as they sat in the carpeted seats, and watched what was taking place. "Go down to him, and ask what is the matter."

So the gentleman went, and Billy told his troubles as he clasped the quarter in his grimy little fist, and he wept to think of his little sister and the long hours he had been away from home.

Then the kindly faced lady and her husband went back with Billy, for they pitied the little fellow for his grief and admired him for his courage. And although it was too late for Lizzie to have her beef-tea that night, Billy's new friends took care that she had plenty of good things to strengthen her, and Billy went proudly off to spend his hard-earned quarter at the butcher's next morning. The new friends proved good friends, and Lizzie did not die, after all.

NELLY'S HORSE.

BY S.

In all the village of Shenfield there was not a happier little girl than Nelly Brown.

And why was Nelly so happy?

Because her father had bought her a present.

Nelly had long set her heart upon having a little wooden horse that went on wheels.

"And my gee-woh must have a string round his neck, so that I may draw him about."

Nelly Brown's mother soon fastened a string to the horse's neck, and Nelly sat down under a tree not far from the garden hedge, and began pulling the horse backward and forward.

"My dear gee-woh!" she said, "what a pretty saddle and bridle you have got! and how you hold up your front leg, as if you were quite proud of yourself. Gee-woh! gee-woh! I'm sure there never was such a pretty little horse."

As Nelly went on talking to the little wooden horse, she heard a rustling sound in the bushes near.

"That must be in the Jones' garden," said Nelly. "I daresay that Tommy Jones is looking through at my new gee-woh. I heard him ask his father to buy him one, but his father said he had no money to spend on playthings."

And Nelly went on playing with her gee-woh.

Presently she heard a little sob, and through a hole in the bushes she saw a pale little face, with tears running down it.

"Is that you, Tommy Jones?" she called out.

"Ye-es," said a little voice.

"What are you doing?" asked Nelly.

"I am trying not to cry, and not to want your gee-woh," said Tommy, "for I know that father has no money. But I should like to stroke the gee-woh."

"Should you?" said Nelly. "Well, come into the road and sit down by me, and you shall look at him, and I will let you draw him a little way, and then you will feel happier."

A bright smile then came into Tommy's face.

"Oh, Nelly! how good of you. I will touch the little horse so gently, and not hurt him in the least."

So the two children sat down, and Tommy admired the horse, and they talked about him, and how nice it would be to draw him down to the village pool, and let him have a drink there.

"Not that he would really drink any water; but we could pretend."

"Yes," said Nelly, "that will be very nice. Tommy, we can play together with my gee-woh, as you have not one of your own."

So they set off. First Nelly drew the horse along and then she let Tommy draw him.

"It's almost as good as having a gee-woh myself," said Tommy as they came to the pool, and Nelly held the string fast whilst Tommy dipped the horse's nose into the water.

"Is not that nice, my gee-woh?" said Nelly; "you are not thirsty now. Tommy, we will come down every day, for it takes two people to manage a gee-woh."

And Tommy thought—"Nelly Brown is the best little girl in Shenfield."

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Chicago bootblacks have organized a union.

Each voter in Hawaii must speak the language fluently and be worth $4000.

A Chinese missionary states that two-thirds of the natives of China are opium-smokers.

Figures show that there were 4852 desertions from the British army during last year, an average of 12 per 1000.

Halsted street, Chicago, is one of the longest streets in the world, being about 18 miles in length in a perfectly straight line.

The renting of portions of the sidewalk in Paris to proprietors of cafes, who set out tables there, brings in a rental to the city of 900,000 francs a year.

An Indian is being fraudulently exhibited at the Antwerp Exhibition as Sitting Bull. It will likely be remembered that the old chief died some years ago.

General Schofield has issued an order directing that all water intended to be drunk by soldiers should first be boiled. He hopes thus to greatly reduce disease in the army.

The uses to which aluminum is put are constantly extending. Thus far three entire regiments of the Prussian Guards are furnished with big drums made of the new metal.

Parisians are extremely fond of canaries and other pet birds. It is estimated that there are fully 100,000 pet birds in the city, or one to every twentieth person, including babies.

It has been urged that a vote be taken throughout the country to determine on a national flower, and that the victorious emblem be adopted on coins and other Government insignia.

The mother of Mrs. Henry Scott, of West Union, Ohio, had not until recently tasted water in 30 years. She would not touch it under any circumstances, using milk, tea or coffee.

Mr. Walter Besant, among other reasons for his opposition to woman suffrage, says that men have to do the conquering, the defending and the providing, and they ought to do the governing.

Mrs. Valentine Reister, of East Orange, N. J., threw her apron over a mad dog the other day, and held the animal until her husband had killed it. The brute had already bitten two little girls.

There are said to be no undertakers in Japan. When a person dies it is the custom for his nearest relatives to put him in a coffin and bury him, and the mourning does not begin until after burial.

With the completion of the street railway line between Lowell and Haverhill, Mass., a line of 42 miles is made, becoming what is claimed to be the longest continuous street railway in the country.

It appears from the statistics of the graduating class at Yale College that the average expenses of those students were: Freshman year, $981; sophomore year, $1000; junior year, $1213, and senior year, $1255.

An Indian woman, in carrying a child, has the child strapped to her back looking in the opposite direction. With the Eskimo woman, the child is so placed that it can readily look over the mother's shoulder.

As to the speed with which the flights of birds are accomplished, Canon Tristram, of the British Association, quotes Herr Gatke as maintaining that godwits and plovers can fly at the rate of 240 miles an hour.

A learned Parisian physician, Dr. Fauve, contends that the odor of flowers has a harmful effect on the voice, and thinks that the presentation of bouquets to theatrical artists should therefore be discontinued.

A peculiar tree growth is noticed at De Ruyter, N. Y. Two beeches, joined together stand about 20 feet apart, each is over a foot in diameter, and it is impossible to tell which tree originally sent out the joining limb.

The British War Office is considering a proposition that all soldiers should be instructed in the elements of anatomy and physiology, in order that they might be able immediately to stop the flow of blood from a leading artery.

Her Majesty's ship Egeria, which is carrying a deep-sea survey in the South Pacific, has had a very curious experience. The operations of the scientific party on board have been greatly impeded by the fish, which swallow the thermometers.

Gold in transit across the Atlantic sweats, no matter how tightly it may be packed. It is usually sent in stout kegs, and squeezed in as tight as possible, but there is a regular allowance for loss by attrition upon the voyage. In the course of years this loss to the commercial world amounts to a large sum.

There are several good reasons for the attempt to train swallows for military messages, instead of carrier pigeons. The swallows are swifter and more difficult marks to shoot at. The experiment so far promises well. A young swallow from Roulaix flew home from Paris, one hundred and sixty five miles, in an hour and thirty nines.

GENTLE WORDS.

BY G. T. S.

As water, dripping constantly,
Will wear a stone away,
So love, by sharp and angry words,
Will wither and decay.

As, to revive the flower,
The rain comes from above,
So kindly words and actions
Supply the food for love.

WIVES FOR SALE.

According to Mr. John Timb the custom of purchasing wives was universal among ancient nations, and obtained to some extent among the higher order of society. Of this an instance may be found in Grimaldi's "Origines Genealogicæ," in which John de Camoys, of England, son and heir of Sir Ralph de Camoys, yielded up to Sir William de Paynel, knight, his wife Margerie, daughter and heiress of Sir John de Gatesden, and makes over to Sir William all her goods and chattels, and consents and grants that she shall abide and remain with him during his pleasure. The lady, however, objected to being thus disposed of, and upon her appealing to the protection of the law, the grant was, in 1302, pronounced by Parliament to be invalid.

Since that time, but mostly from the middle of the eighteenth century, repeated cases of sales of wives have taken place. Some of those which became known and were made public are here arranged in chronological order.

In 1750 a man and his wife falling into discourse with a grazier, at Parham, in Norfolk, the husband offered him his wife in exchange for an ox, provided he would let him choose one out of his drove. The grazier accepted the proposal, and the wife readily agreed to it. Accordingly they met the next day, when the woman was delivered to the grazier, with a new halter around her neck, and the husband received a bullock which he subsequently sold for six guineas.

Another sale occurred in the summer of 1767. In this case, however, the man selling the "chattel" had no legal right over it, she being simply a wife by courtesy. Her reputed husband was a bricklayer's laborer, residing at Marylebone, and the price at which she was valued was five shillings and threepence and a gallon of beer. Three weeks after the sale, when the lady was duly housed with her new lord, a wealthy uncle of hers, residing in Devonshire, died, and, quite unexpectedly, acknowledged the kinship by leaving her two hundred pounds and a quantity of plate. The new protector at once decided to sanctify the union by a ceremony of the Church, and so became her husband indeed, and, of course, the possessor of the legacy, there being no Married Women's Property Act in those days.

In "The Times" for the eighteenth of July, 1797, mention was made that a butcher had "exposed his wife in Smithfield Market, near the 'Ram Inn,' with a halter round her neck and one about her waist, which tied her to a railing. A hog drover, was the happy purchaser, paying the husband three guineas and a crown for his departed rib." A few days later, commenting on this sale, "The Times" said, "by some mistake in our report of the Smithfield Market we had not learned the average price of wives for the last week. The increasing value of the fair sex is esteemed by several eminent writers as a certain criterion of increasing civilization. Smithfield has, on this ground, strong pretensions to refined improvement, as the price of wives has risen in that market from half a guinea to three guineas and a half."

In 1835 a woman was publicly sold in the north of England by her husband for the handsome sum of fifteen pounds. She willingly went home with the purchaser and outlived both purchaser and seller. Subsequently, she became for the second time a legal wife. After the death of her first husband, by whom she was sold, she claimed certain property of which he had died possessed. The relatives of the husband contested the claim, urging the sale had been a valid one, and that the man had died wifeless. Much to their astonishment and chagrin, the law decided otherwise.

In 1837 a man was convicted at the Yorkshire Assizes for having attempted to sell his wife by auction, and was committed to prison for two months with hard labor. His neighbors, it is said, considered him badly treated.

The cheapest wife of which there is any record up to this time was purchased at Dudley in 1859, the price paid being sixpence. The husband believed his wife could have no further claim upon him.

According to a Welsh newspaper, a man employed at the Cyfarthfa ironworks sold his wife, in 1863, to a fellow-workman for the sum of two pounds ten shillings, with the understanding that another half-sovereign should be spent in drink. The wife, it is said, was more amused than indignant at the transaction.

In 1877 a wife was sold for forty pounds, and what is more remarkable, the articles of sale were drawn up and signed at a solicitor's office, the money paid, and the chattel handed over with all the gravity of law.

In the course of a County Court case at Sheffield in May, 1881, a man named Moore stated that he was living with the wife of one of his friends, and that he had purchased her for a quart of beer! This transaction was brought under the notice of the Government by Mr. A. M. Sullivan, who requested the Home Secretary to take measures for preventing such reprehensible transactions. This had no effect, evidently, for since that time many sales have been recorded.

In the present year a case was actually heard in a London police court where a wife had been sold and purchased.

The whole of the foregoing cases are duly authenticated. Many others have been reported, but being minus names and locality are of doubtful character, and have been left out of consideration.

ON Mt. Washington, in New Hampshire, lives a little colony of butterflies that never descend below 2000 feet from the summit. They are completely isolated from others of their kind, butterflies being found in no other spot in their immediate vicinity. It is supposed that their remote ancestors were stranded on the mountain at the close of the glacial period.

Grains of Gold.

In bringing up a child think of its old age.

Pardon others often, but thyself seldom.

Precepts may lead, but examples will draw.

Contentment will make a cottage look as fair as a palace.

Care, admitted as a guest, quickly turns to be master.

Man was given brains for a purpose; but some never find this out.

The only way to keep from backsliding is to keep stepping forward.

You can't stop a vile man's tongue, but you can stop your own ears.

The tongue is mightier than the sword when it comes to cutting remarks.

In love, all men are alike, just as in a dark room they are all of a dark color.

No tree takes so deep a root as prejudice; none is so difficult to eradicate and kill.

A man might often earn enough money in the time he wastes in bewailing the want of it.

True philanthropy buries not its gold in ostentatious charity, but builds its hospital in the human heart.

Very few people practise charity, but almost everybody seems to think he can afford to give it a good word.

Femininities.

Virtue is always paying dividends.

The latest photograph frame is of parchment.

The wealthiest women some times don't own their ages.

If your neighbor's offense is rank, don't let your's be rancor.

The imaginations of men do more than nature to make women beautiful.

Many a man who talks nice in church will go right home and find fault with his wife.

The Queen of Korea has a woman physician who is paid a salary of $15,000 a year.

A statue is to be erected at Lisbon in honor of Donna Felipe de Perestrello, the wife of Columbus.

Isn't it funny that in novels the heroine always trips across the street, and yet we are never told what she trips over.

Many a man puts a fine monument over the grave of his wife, who made her get up and light the fire every morning.

June was the month which the Romans considered the most propitious season of the year for contracting matrimonial engagements.

What a suspicious monster the man must have been who first invented a lock; but what a trusting creature the woman who first allowed a latch-key!

Gilhooley: "I wonder why wars are not as prolonged now as they were in ancient times?" Mrs. Gilhooley: "It must be because divorces come easier."

"You are most entertaining," remarked the gallant old gentleman to his fair partner at dinner. "I assure you that I envy your future husband." The maid turned an appealing face toward him. "Would—would you mind introducing him?" she asked.

When the Empress Eugenie reigned as a great beauty her distinguishing feature was her pure and regular profile. This has survived the disfiguring action of years and gained in refinement; so that although Eugenie is now a faded and gray-haired woman, her face is still a very interesting one.

Mrs. E. B. Leland is the basso-trombonist in the orchestra of the First Baptist Sunday School, of Baltimore. She began the study of the instrument some time ago, partially for the benefit of her health, and she has not only made a success of it musically, but has expanded her lungs and improved her health generally.

M. Boudet, a Paris jeweler, who sued Mme. Liane de Pougy for 31,000 francs, the value of jewels supplied to her, has lost his case. The lady contented that the jewels had been ordered by the Marquis MacMahon, who had presented them to h r; and that she was in no way responsible, a view in which the Court acquiesced.

"So far a sum of nearly £3,000,000 has been subscribed by the Chinese officials for the purpose of celebrating the sixtieth birthday of the Empress Dowager of China," says the London Standard, "but even this enormous sum is not deemed sufficient, and £12,000,000 more are called for to make the celebration upon what the advisers deem an appropriate scale."

Elise: "What is that you say? Bryce married? Well, I will never believe in men again." Edith: "Why?" Elise: "The vows of love that man made to me?" Edith: "Well; but you threw him over. You've been married four months." Elise: "I don't care; he was so devoted to me. He might have been decent about it. He might have kept single for six months, anyway."

One of the many philanthropies of Worcester, Mass., is conducted by Mrs. Albertina G. Cochrane, a widow. It is an asylum for cats. The people of the neighborhood take any vagrant feline that seems to desire a place of shelter to the asylum. The animals receive the best of food and the warmest of beds; and when it becomes necessary to end their earthly existence the most humane means are employed.

"But, dear George," she urged in the negative; "you only have $1200 a year." "Well," he exclaimed, "we can live on that, can't we?" She took both his hands in hers and looked straight into his large, innocent eyes. "Live on it? Of course we can, you dear boy," she murmured; "but we would look too ridiculous for anything going around without any clothes on, wouldn't we, dear?" and poor George went down all in a heap.

"Energetic young men and women in Chicago," says a journal there, "belong to slumming clubs. A bold masculine member of the club is delegated to search out a new but quite respectable and interesting French, German, Italian or Hungarian restaurant where a decent meal for 75 cents can be had, and to buy tickets for a variety theatre that is respectable for ladies to attend. All the women wear their shabbiest frocks, and no evening suits are allowed; peppery Spanish and Hungarian dishes are in high favor, and those clubs of otherwise correct debutantes and bachelors call themselves the Flitter Mice, the Buccaneers, or by some other equally descriptive title."

Masculinities.

A face that cannot smile is like a lantern without a light.

Bald-headed men prefer to have their photographs taken with their hats on.

The wealth of a man is the number of things which he loves and blesses, which he is loved and blessed by.

Wives come cheap at Columbus, Wis. A resident of that place recently secured one for three cords of wood.

Our general opinion is that there are plenty of worse people in the world than ourselves, but mighty few better ones.

Bishop John M. Walden, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, began life by working on an Ohio river flatboat for 50 cents a day.

The Kaiser's latest conceit is an imperial gala carriage, which, together with the harness, is to be aglow with tiny electric lights.

The Rev. Dr. Philip S. Moxom, of Springfield, Mass., has two members of his congregation who come every Sunday from Boston, 100 miles away, to hear him preach.

Owen Ellis miraculously escaped death by falling a distance of 170 feet in the shaft of a coal mine at Tindale, Colorado. A few bruises, it is said, are the only marks of the fall.

Rev. Father Stephen Beggs, the first Protestant clergyman to preach in Chicago, then old Fort Dearborn, is at present visiting his son in that city. He is 94 years old, but still fairly vigorous.

"Uncle" Abe Walker, aged 70 years, and Miss Ethel Van Buren, 17 years old, of New York city, have been married at Commac, L. I., the culmination of an engagement secured by advertising.

The so-called raft spider is among the largest of the British species. It receives its name from the fact that it constructs a raft of dry leaves and rubbish, united by threads of silk, and thus pursues its prey on water.

The Rev. Hayden Rayburn, of Howard county, Indiana, who recently joined, with his wife, in celebrating their 61st wedding anniversary, and who entered the ministry in 1833, has officiated at 1202 marriages.

James T. Hightower, of Warsaw, Ill., is said to have gone 18 years practically without sleep, working meantime regularly at his trade of loom repairing. He retires to bed the same as other people, but says he never loses consciousness.

Higgs: "Your office is right near mine. Your hours are from 9 to 4, are they not?"

Biggs: "Yes; how did you know?"

Higgs: "Oh, I see you going to work about 10 and coming home about 3 every day."

A pointer dog has gotten its master, James D. Brewster, of Wolcott, N. Y., in trouble by devouring vegetables belonging to neighbors. A neighboring farmer has brought action against Brewster "for trespass and malicious mischief by canine proxy."

The average number of working days in a year in various countries is as follows: In Russia, 287; in England, 278; in Spain, 290; in Austria, 295; in Italy, 298; in Bavaria and Belgium, 300; in Saxony and France, 303; in Holland and North America, 308, and in Hungary, 312.

It is said that so much farm land in England has lately been allowed to lapse from cultivation that wild animals, which ten years ago were in danger of extinction, are now flourishing and increasing. The badger and the otter, for instance, are reported to be thriving greatly on agricultural depression.

The annual class book of Yale states that "it is getting harder and harder for a poor man to get through Yale. Yale is giving up her boasted democracy." It does not follow, however, that the college is at fault. The fact that the annual expenditures of the collegians vary from $135 to $4000 may afford some light upon the subject.

A very miniature edition of the familiar hour glass was upon the desk of the Clerk of the Senate a few days ago for the first time in several years. The Senate was proceeding under the five-minute rule, and when the sand had emptied itself from one bulb to the other, the gavel of the Vice President tapped the talkative Senators to a standstill.

Bangella, the bachelor, was suspected of being in love with a charming divorcee, and it was known that he had hay fever; so that when he left town for the mountain resort, where the lady was also spending the season, there was general comment upon the bearing of Bangella. "What's the matter with him, anyhow?" asked one of his friends. "Blamed if I know," was the anxious reply; "but it is either hay fever or grass widow, and we'll have to wait to find out."

"I don't think I ever realized just how many different kinds of aches a human being could have," remarked a young father, "until I became acquainted with my boy. He is about 7 now, and a good healthy boy, too, but a list of his aches and pains would fill a book. His latest ache is the heel ache; he told his mother the other day that he had the 'heel ache.' This was somewhat entirely new to both of us, and we both thought it was rather funny; though possibly it may not seem so to older parents."

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

The popular lace collars have shaped themselves into yokes, spread out into points and curves on the sleeves, and now they seem likely to expand into capes which will reach to the waist.

A light wrap is considered a necessary additional to a summer outfit, and whether it is needed or not it is the fashion to have capes. Capes are, as they have been for some time, the most desirable garments extant, for, no matter what proportion the sleeve assumes, the cape adjusts itself to the required size. Light transparent black materials, such as silk muslin, chiffon and net, are used for some of the more gauzy affairs, which are well named "cool mantles," for the element of warmth is entirely lacking. However, they afford all the thickness that is needed and fulfill their mission by looking pretty and giving a finishing touch to the street toilet. The most fashionable ones are very short and often built in two or three stories—for instance, a moire foundation will have a second cape of finely plaited chiffon spangled at the edge, while the third cape will be of jetted net or old guipure lace, with a full ruche of ostrich feather or quilled tulle around the neck.

A very dainty and summery cape is made of finely plaited black chiffon over a second cape of the same material in glowing cerise, yellow or white. The black cape is caught up with satin bows on the shoulder. A yoke of spangles or net, around which the flounces of chiffon are shirred, makes it very pretty. One of the season's shapes has long stole ends in front, but it is not a favorite style, as ends are said to add age to the figure, which, if true, settles its fate beyond help.

Evening dresses are quite as much in demand in summer as the more useful dresses for outdoor use. And a very dainty one suitable for a young girl may be made like the model, which is simply trimmed with ruffles of the same. A folded belt and two rosettes of ribbon are the only trimming except the ruffles. This is a pretty style for white silk muslin made over a color. Another pretty design for a more dressy gown is carried out in embroidered silk muslin, and trimmed with lace and a little silvery embroidery. A ribbon belt and sash are a pretty addition. And the bodice is draped from the centre up into the shoulders, where lace frills fall over the sleeves. An exceedingly stylish dress for afternoon wear is of soft gray crepon. The skirt is trimmed at the bottom with cream lace in Vandyke points, and slightly draped on each side to display a black moire petticoat. The waist is simply fulled into a narrow black belt and has a cream lace yoke, both back and front, from which falls a frill of black chiffon. This is draped quite short in the middle of the back, and droops down under the arm to a point in front. A handsome dinner waist of black satin has a high fluted collar at the back, the front being slightly turned back with lace revers. The elbow sleeves are of lace, with butterfly puffs of black satin at the top. The basque is formed by a deep frill of lace. The fancy blouse trimmed with insertion is pretty in any delicate shade of silk. And a pretty style for sheer muslin has a tucked yokebanded across with insertion.

Brown shoes have many things to recommend them. They are good, economical, comfortable and dressy, but the lines of the foot and the influence of the leather must be considered for the best results.

There is no naming the pleasing colors, as each clerk has his own idea of russet. To call out all the browns in the shop is the quickest way to see what is not wanted. There is a dull brown, almost a bronze, in summer shoes, too expensive to be put in cheap goods, which is well worth hunting for; it is pretty on a well shaped foot and dresses an ugly foot even better than black. Brown shoes are made on the English last this season with pointed and straight tips; high, low and military heels; buttons, ties and laces; French and box toes, and heavy, single and paper soles. The southern tie and the blucher tie are as good as boots for weak ankles. They are also popular for street wear, when a dress boot is too warm. The brown Piccadilly is made exactly like a man's shoe, and there is the choice of four big bone buttons or laces.

Pretty frocks worn by bridesmaids at a recent wedding were of peach-colored striped gauze over silk of the same color. The bodices were prettily trimmed with ecru lace and Directoire bows of accordion-pleated chiffon; a ribbon sash falls on the left side. Childish bridesmaids wear white satin frocks veiled in chiffon, and carry baskets of daisies. Other frocks are of ivory white Irish poplin trimmed with with lace, pearl embroidery and white ribbon sashes. White muslin, trimmed with Valenciennes lace, is worn over yellow satin; broad picture hats, trimmed with pink and yellow roses, are worn with the frocks.

A dainty dress for the bridesmaid is of white muslin and lace, over pale blue silk, with blue moire sash and hat of ecru straw, trimmed with pale blue ribbon and yellow roses.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

For the Removal of Stains and Spots.—The following methods of removing spots and stains from clothing are given on the authority of high chemical and textile authorities. They are believed to be trustworthy:

Matter Adhering Mechanically.—Beating, brushing and currents of water, either on the upper or under side.

Gum, Sugar, Jelly, etc.—Simply washing with water at a hand heat.

Grease.—White goods, wash with soap or alkaline lyes. Colored cottons, wash with lukewarm soap lyes. Colored woolens, the same or ammonia. Silks, absorb the grease with French chalk or fuller's earth, and dissolve away with benzine or ether.

Oil Colors, Varnish, and Resins.—On white or colored linens, cottons or woolens, use rectified oil of turpentine, alcohol, lye and soap. On silks, use benzine, ether and mild soap, very cautiously.

Stearine.—In all cases, use strong, pure alcohol.

Vegetable Colors, Fruit, Red Wine and Rek Ink.—On white goods, sulphur fumes or chlorine water. Colored cotton and woolens, wash with lukewarm soap-lye or ammonia. Silk, the same, but more cautiously.

Alizarine Inks.—White goods, tartaric acid, the more concentrated the older the spots are. On colored cottons and woolens, and on silks, dilute tartaric acid should be applied cautiously.

Blood and Albuminoid Matters.—Steeping in lukewarm water. If pepsin or the juice of Carica papaya can be procured, the spots are first softened with lukewarm water, and then either of these substances is applied.

Iron Spots and Black Ink.—White goods, hot oxalic acid, dilute muriatic acid, with little fragments of tin. On fast dyed cottons and woolens, citric acid cautiously and repeatedly applied. Silks, impossible.

Lime and Alkalies.—White goods, simple washing. Colored cottons, woolens and silks are moistened, and very dilute citric acid is applied with the finger end.

Acids, Vinegar, Sour Wine, Must, Sour Fruits.—White goods, simple washing, following up by chlorine water if a fruit color accompanies the acid. Colored cottons, woolens and silks are very carefully moistened with dilute ammonia, with the finger end. (In case of delicate colors, it will be found preferable to make some prepared chalk into a thin paste with water, and apply it to the spots.)

Tannin from Chestnuts, Green Walnuts, etc., or Leather.—White goods, hot chlorine water and concentrated tartaric acid. Colored cottons, woolens, and silks, apply dilute chlorine water cautiously to the spot, washing it away, and reapplying it several times.

Tar, Cart-wheel Grease Mixtures of Fat, Resin, Carbon and Acetic Acid.—On white goods, soap and oil turpentine, alternating with streams of water. Colored cottons and woolens, rub in with lard, let lie, soap, let lie again, and treat alternating with oil of turpentine and water. Silks the same, more carefully, using benzine instead of oil of turpentine.

Gum Arabic Starch.—Take two ounces fine white gum arabic and pound it to a powder; next put it into a pitcher and pour on it a pint or more of boiling water, according to the degree of strength you require, and then having covered it, let it stand all night. In the morning pour it carefully from the dregs into a clean bottle; cork and keep it for use. A tablespoonful of gum water stirred into a pint of starch that has been made in the usual manner will give to lawns (either white or printed) a look of newness to which nothing else can restore them after washing.

For Washing Black or Navy Blue Linens, Percales, etc.—Take two potatoes grated into tepid soft water (first having peeled and washed them), into which put a teaspoonful of ammonia. Wash the goods in this and rinse in cold blue water. Starch will not be needed, and if at all practicable, they should be dried and ironed on the wrong side. It is said that an infusion of hay will preserve the colors of buff linens; an infusion of bran will do the same for brown linen prints.

To Bleach Linen.—Mix common bleaching powder in the proportion of one pound to a gallon of water; stir it occasionally for three days, let it settle, and pour it off clear. Then make a lye of one pound of soda to one gallon of boiling soft water, in which soak the linen for twelve hours, and boil it half an hour; next soak in the bleaching liquor, made as above; and lastly, wash it in the usual manner. Discolored linen or muslin may be restored by putting a portion of bleaching liquor into the tub wherein the articles are soaking.

ORCHID COLLECTING.

THERE is no real justification for surprise at the sometimes fabulous prices paid for Orchids. The cost of obtaining them is so great, both in money and in human life, that the wonder really is they are so cheap. And some orchids are cheap. You can stock a greenhouse with specimens of a hundred varieties bought at an average of a dollar apiece.

But you can also spend as many dollars as there are days in the year on one ugly little bulb which is the sole representative of a new species or variety; or which is a departure from the established type of a known variety, either in color or in some other detail. These are the orchids which daring men seek in almost unknown regions. The adventures attending the search would fill many books. Generally Germans, but sometimes Frenchmen or Englishmen, the collectors must have the patience of Job, the courage of Nelson, the lingual fluency of a courier, and the knowledge of a professor of science, combined with power to endure years of hardship.

Some years ago, a collector for an English firm was sent to New Guinea to look for a Dendrobium, then very rare. He went to the country, dwelt among the natives for months, faring as they fared, and living under very trying conditions, and he found about four hundred of the plants. He loaded a little schooner with them; but he put into a port in Dutch New Guinea, and the ship was burnt to the water's edge. He was ordered to go back for more, and he did. He found a magnificent collection of the orchids in a native burying ground, growing among exposed bones and skulls. After much hesitation, the natives allowed him to remove the orchids, some of them still in the skulls, and sent with the consignment a little idol, to watch over the spirits of the departed. Little wonder that these plants sold at prices ranging from five to twenty-five dollars each.

The dangers of the collectors' task are terrible. Eight naturalists seeking various specimens in Madagascar once lived at Tamatave, and in one year after there was but a single survivor. Even this favored person was terribly afflicted, for, after a sojourn in the most malarious swamps, he spent twelve months in a hospital, and left without hope of restored health.

Two collectors seeking a single plant died one after the other of fever. A collector detained at Padang went to look for an orchid he had heard of; and the Indians brought him back from the swamps to die. A man who insulted a Madagascar idol was soaked with paraffin and burnt to death.

Mr. Frederick Boyle shows that these dangers must be encountered invariably, if rare or new orchids are to be found, for he speaks of one which "clings to the very tip of a slender palm in swamps which the Indians themselves regard with dread as the chosen home of fevers and mosquitoes."

And the difficulties of the work are as great as its dangers. One collector was known to wade up to his middle in mud for a fortnight seeking for a specimen of which he had heard; another lived among Indians for eight months, looking in untracked forests for a lost variety. To obtain the orchids which grow on trees, the collector must hire a certain area of woodland with the right to fell timber. The natives cannot be trusted to climb to the summits and gather the plants, and the collector cannot spare the time. So the wasteful plan of felling the trees is adopted; natives are employed to do the work, and the collector gathers his specimens from the fallen trunks. This, however, generally takes place far inland; the plants have then to be brought home.

In one case they had to be carried six weeks on men's backs from the mountains to the Essequibo River; then carried six weeks in canoes, with twenty portages to Georgetown; then to England over the ocean. Mr. Boyle talks of a journey to the Roraima Mountains as quite easy traveling, yet it involves thirty-two loadings and unloadings of cargo; and in another direction "one must go in the bed of a torrent and on the face of a precipice alternately for an uncertain period of time, with a river to cross almost every day." Moreover, after all this trouble, the specimens often die on the journey, and the speculator has to risk the loss of five thousand dollars on a single cargo. What wonder that orchids are often dear?

Yet it is not so much the difficulty and danger which make them dear as rarity or peculiarity. Amongst a lot of the commonest orchids, some years ago, was found a plant similar to the rest in every characteristic except the color of its stem, which was green instead of brown. When it flowered, the bloom should have been green; but it was golden, and the plant became in consequence practically priceless. It was divided into two parts, and one was sold to Baron Schroeder for seventy-two guineas; the other to Mr. Measures for one hundred guineas. This latter piece was several times divided, selling for one hundred guineas each time; but Baron Schroeder's piece was never mutilated, and is now worth one thousand guineas! It would bring that sum, say the authorities, in the public salesroom. The good fortune of orchid buyers is sometimes remarkable. Bulbs which have not flowered, and give no sign of peculiarity, are often treasures in disguise. An amateur once gave three francs on the Continent for an Odontoglossum; it proved to be an unknown variety, and was resold for a sum exceeding five hundred dollars. Another rarity, bought with a lot at less than a shilling each, was resold for seventy guineas to Sir Trevor Lawrence, who has one of the finest collections, if not the finest, in England. A Cattleya, developing a new and beautiful flower, at once advanced in value from a few shillings to two hundred and fifty guineas; it was afterwards sold in five pieces for seven hundred guineas. Simply because its flower has proved to be white instead of the normal color, two hundred and eighty guineas have been given for a Cattleya; and hundreds of guineas are available at this present moment over and over again for rare or extraordinary orchids either in private collections or in the market. A plant no bigger than a tulip bulb has been sold for many times its weight in gold; and 'a guinea a leaf' is a common, and often inadequate, estimate, of the worth of rarities.

The orchid mania is not diminishing; on the contrary, it is more active now than ever it was. In spite of the constant risk of loss, and the inevitable difficulties and dangers of the enterprise, one nurseryman in this country devotes himself entirely to the orchid trade. He deals in nothing but orchids, and trusts to the high price which the collectors will pay for a rarity to recompense him for the expenses of the collector's journey, and the losses which occur in the transfer of the plants from one continent to another. And there must be rarities for many years to come; because, although there some two thousand varieties of orchids in cultivation, it is estimated that there are probably ten thousand in existence, could they all be found.

AT HOME.—The highest style of being at home grows out of a special state of the affections rather than of the intellect. Who has not met with individuals whose face would be a passport to any society, and whose manners, the unstudied and spontaneous expressions of their inner selves, make them visibly welcome wherever they go, and attract unbounded confidence toward them in whatever they undertake. They are frank, because they have nothing to conceal; affable, because their natures overflow with benevolence; unflurried, because they dread nothing, always at home, because they carry within themselves that which can trust to itself anywhere and everywhere—purity of soul with fulness of health. Such are our best guaranties for feeling at home in all society to which duty takes us, and in every occupation upon which it obliges us to enter. They who live least for themselves are also the least embarrassed by uncertainties.

WHEN COLORS ARE MINGLED.—A blue dress or necktie intensifies the blue of the wearer's eyes, should they be of that color. A woman with remarkably red lips clad in dull heliotrope, with amethysts, has all the coral taken from her mouth, which wears instead a light heliotrope tint, and with this the pink of her cheek is also touched. An ordinary or even sallow cheek never looks so beautifully white as over a white dress, which seemed to threaten to darken it. And beautiful as the "æsthetic" colors were in their day, they quenched and dimmed their wearers to their own tone. This is not to be easily explained by known chromatic rules. Nor can one say why turquoise blue darkens dark eyes and adds to their brightness. The fact remains that it is so, and of this fact the wise will take advantage.

LOW RATES TO DENVER, COL.

The Baltimore & Ohio R. R. Co. will sell round trip excursion tickets to Denver, Col. from all points on its lines east of the Ohio River, July 19th, 20th and 21st, good for return on trains leaving Denver July 27th, August 2nd and 25th; tickets will also be sold to Denver August 8th, 9th and 10th, valid for return passage on trains leaving Denver August 19th, 25th and September 13th.

The rate from New York will be $47.75; Philadelphia, $47.75; Baltimore, $47.40; Washington, $47.40, and correspondingly low rates from all other points.

Passengers taking the B. & O. have a choice of routes, going via Pittsburgh, Akron and Chicago; via Grafton, Bellaire and Chicago, or via Parkersburg, Cincinnati and St. Louis; double daily service of express trains, with Pullman sleeping and dining cars on all routes.

For more detailed information, address James Potter, D. P. A., Philadelphia, Pa.

Recent Book Issues.

"The Dawn of a New Era in America," by Bushrod W. James, A. M., M. D., of this city, is a little book that deals interestingly with some of the very important questions of the day to which few authors have directed attention; or if they have done so they have neglected to give their views such publicity. The type is clear and neat and the book so compact that it can be carried in one's pocket to be read at leisure. Published by Porter & Coates.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

Number 6 of the great "Book of the Fair" has been issued, and if anything, as the work expands, it grows better, more beautiful and useful than ever. Every page, along with the grand large-type explanatory reading matter, contains a number of photographs of objects, persons and things of every character connected with the Exposition. It far surpasses in value and beautiful all the photographic reproductions of the Fair yet issued. As a souvenir and memorial of the occasion it is priceless. Published by the Bancroft Company, Chicago. Price, $1 00 per part.

"The Quiver" for July has for a frontispiece a portrait of Mrs. Gladstone from a photograph. The contents of this number are varied and interesting, and include, "Children's Day at the Abbey," "Bible Jewelry," "The Sin of Listlessness," "Scripture Lessons for School and Home," "Mrs. Leonard's Nurses," "Very Rich People," "The Consecration of the Thumb," "A Talk to Young," installments of two novelettes, short stories, music, poetry, etc. The number is profusely illustrated. The Cassell Publishing Co., New York.

WITH THE GRADS.

In an article in Harper on "Undergraduate Life at Oxford" by Mr. Richard Harding Davis, the writer's reminiscences of the "chaff" he heard at Commemoration are amusing and characteristic. The procession of dignitaries is soon to appear, the organist, Mr. Lopes, is softly playing Chopin, and Mr. Davis says, "As we waited, whispering, there came suddenly on the hushed warm summer air a boy's voice, not rudely or 'freshly,' but with the quiet authoritative drawl of an English gentleman. 'Mr. Lopes,' said the voice—and the whispering ceased with a start, and the organist's fingers hesitated on the keys—'Mr. Lopes, I do not care much for Chopin myself. Can you play "Ta-ra ra-boom-de-ay"? From the other side of the gallery a young man sprang excitedly to his feet. 'Oh, no, sir—don't play that,' he cried eagerly; 'play the "Old Kent Road"! I can sing that.' 'I've heard him sing it,' a third voice joined in anxiously, 'and I hope, sir, you will play almost anything else.'" In due time the dignitaries arrive, and the Vice-Chancellor "plunged with a very red face and nervous manner into his Latin address, through which he raced breathlessly, with his nose glued to the page and his ears deaf to interruptions. They began by telling him, 'Don't be shy, sir!' and 'Speak louder, sir!' and then one man suggested doubtfully that it was 'rather too good to be original;' and another said warningly, 'You had better be careful, sir; you cribbed that line!' Another laughed indulgently, and said in a confidential tone of encouragement, 'Don't mind them, sir; I'll listen to you!" and another, after a pause, exclaimed, with a little sigh of satisfaction, 'Now, you know, I call it rather good.' The unfortune Vice-Chancellor blushed redder than before at this, and, in turning over a page, hesitated at the word 'ut.' 'Ut,' he repeated. In an instant twenty men had thrown themselves anxiously across the balcony. 'Be careful, sir,'' they cried in agony—'be careful; do not forget the subjunctive!' 'Ah,' they added, with a sigh of relief, 'he knew—he knew!'—and to this a sceptic added gloomily, 'I don't believe he knew; some one must have prompted him.' Then another voice said reprovingly, 'I trust, sir, you do not intend to take up our time much longer;' and the Vice-Chancellor dropped back into his throne and, with the perspiration rolling down his face, folded his robes about him, and smiled delightedly at every other attack on every one else during the exercises."

AN EMPEROR'S STUDENT DAYS.—During his school career, the German Emperor was a model of the studious German youth. He took his place as a common pupil in the public school at Cassel, and studied and played with the other scholars. At the final examination he was, indeed, only tenth in the list; but then he was two years younger than his mates, and was rightly considered to have done so well that his tutor was immediately knighted. There is no cramming system in Germany; he passed without aid or favor. At the University of Bonn I have sat on the same benches with him, and seen him with his little notebook writing down like a hard-worked reporter nearly all the professor uttered in his lectures on the great German authors, or on the genius of Shakespeare. The Prince was also anxious to study subjects not just then in the curriculum, and for these the professor attended at his own apartments. By the professors the Prince was treated with an almost servile adulation, and he won their esteem and love. He had them all in turn to dinner at his rooms in a villa which overhung the Rhine, with the honeysuckle, clematis, and Virginia creepers, reaching over and down the garden walls almost to the water's edge. The Queen sent him out from England a splendid boat costing a thousand dollars, but he used it very little, and it generally lay moored by the bank below his garden, idly rocking in the ripple of the Rhine. But he took part heartily in all the amusements common among German students, namely, beer-drinking, duelling, torchlight processions, carriage driving, bathing, and, in winter, sledging. I do not think he ever fought a real duel, but he mingled freely with the duellers, and in drinking bouts, and torch-light serenades, sipping and sitting with the sippers of light German beer till late into the night.

FRATERNAL AFFECTION.—If it be delightful to enjoy the continued friendship of those who are endeared to us by the intimacy of many years, who can discourse with us of the frolics of the school, of the adventures and studies of the college, of the years when we first ranked ourselves with men in the free society of the world, how delightful must be the friendship of those who accompany us through all this long period, with closer union than any casual friend, can go still farther back, from the school to the very nursery which witnessed our common pastimes; who have had an interest in every event that has related to us, and in every person that has excited our love or hatred; who have honored with us those to whom we have paid every filial honor in life, and wept with us over those whose death has been to us the most lasting sorrow of our hearts! Such, in its wide, unbroken sympathy, is the friendship of brothers, considered even as friendship only: and how many circumstances of additional interest does this union receive from the common relationship to those who have original claims to our still higher regard! Every dissension of man with man excites in us a painful feeling. But we feel a peculiar melancholy in the discord of those whom one roof has continued to shelter during life, and whose dust is afterwards to be mingled under the same stone.

TOOK IT OUT IN EARS.—A merchant prince of Manchester recently engaged a rising young painter for the purpose of having his own portrait in oil conveyed to posterity. The terms were arranged.

"How long do you think it will take?" asked the model.

"Perhaps fifteen days," was the reply.

Sittings began, and the artist entered so heartily into his work that in eleven days the portrait was done.

"Why," asked this Crœsus of Cottonopolis, when the fact was announced to "do you intend suppressing four days' work?"

"It does not matter at all; the portrait is finished," answered the painter.

"Well, sir, this is not business; we said a hundred guineas and fifteen days' work. I am quite ready to stand the price, but you ought not to spend an hour less upon the work than we agreed for."

There was no use arguing with such a man. The painter took his brush again and spent four sittings more in lengthening, little by little in the portrait, the ears of his patron!

A CURE FOR SUNBURN.—If you have been badly sunburned just as soon as you can procure it apply to the burned parts a thick coating of white vaseline, which let remain for ten minutes or more; then rub it off by applying a soft dry cloth gently; have a bowl of very hot water brought to you and a long linen towel. Dip the towel in the water, which must be hot enough to steam, and almost bury your face in it, but do not touch the skin with it for some time; you should steam your face this way for fifteen minutes, and by that time every drop of blood in your body will seem to be in your face. Then call for more hot water, and apply it in slow, gentle fashion to the skin for fifteen minutes. Then put on a coating of the vaseline, and lie down for half an hour. When you get up you will be fresh as a daisy, and your face will not trouble you in the least. Of course the length of time for treatment will depend upon how badly you are burned. But an hour ought to fix you up all right. Apply vaseline again on retiring.

Two little girls met in the street, the other day, and one said to the other, "I've put all my dolls into deep mourning, and it's so becoming to them. Come over and see them." "What did you do that for?" "Oh, we had a c'lamity. Our old dog got killed, and there didn't anybody care but me and them. We've just cried our eyes out." Then the other little girl said, in slow, deliberate tones, "May Wilson, ain't you lucky, though? There's always something happening to you!"

"I hope my visits are not disagreeable to you," he said. "Not at all," she politely answered. "I have sometimes thought I wearied you." "Oh, no! for no matter how gloomy I feel when you call, I am always happy when you go."

BOOKKEEPING SIMPLIFIED. (WAGGENER'S.)
Mailed on receipt of price, $1.00. Send for Circular. C. H. DEACON, Publisher, 227 S. Fourth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

JOSIAH.

Thousands Sold at $2.50.

NOW OFFERED FREE.

There has been but one book written since MARK TWAIN'S palmy days that has possessed his power to charm by wit, and fascinate by fidelity to nature.

SAMANTHA.

THAT LITERARY SENSATION IS

SAMANTHA at SARATOGA.

BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE
(MARIETTA HOLLEY.)

The book was written under the inspiration of a summer season 'mid the world of fashion at Saratoga, the proudest pleasure resort of America, where Princes of the old world, with Congressmen, Presidents, Millionaires, Railroad Kings, and Princes of Commerce of our own great nation with their wives, their beautiful daughters, and all the gayest butterflies of fashion luxuriate in balmy breezes, display their personal charms, costly jewels, exquisite equipages, and revel in

ALL THE EXTREMES OF FASHIONABLE DISSIPATION.

"JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE," in a vein of strong common sense that is pure and innocent as the prattle of a child, keeps the reader constantly enjoying

An Ever Fresh Feast of Fun.

It takes off follies, flirtations, low-necked dressing, dudes, pug dogs, tobogganing, etc., in the author's inimitable and mirth-provoking style.

The 100 Illustrations by Opper are Just Killing.

NEARLY 100,000 SOLD AT $2.50 EACH.

We will send this $2.50 Elegant Cloth Bound richly Illustrated Humorous Book as a premium for two yearly subscriptions to THE POST at $2.00 each. The Book alone will be sent, postage paid, for $1.50.

Address all orders to—

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
726 SANSOM ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

TO PLAY MUSIC
WITHOUT STUDY!
THIS CAN BE DONE BY MEANS OF THE
INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE TO THE
PIANO OR ORGAN

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys.

It must be understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book.

By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. Postage stamps, 2's, taken. For Ten Cents extra a music book containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address—

THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,
726 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

IF YOU WANT INFORMATION ABOUT

PENSIONS

ADDRESS A LETTER OR POSTAL CARD TO

THE PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY,
JOHN WEDDERBURN, Managing Attorney,
P. O. Box 463. Washington, D. C.

Honorably discharged soldiers and sailors who served ninety days, or over, in the late war, are entitled, if now **partially** or wholly disabled for ordinary manual labor, whether disability was caused by service or not, and regardless of their pecuniary circumstances.

WIDOWS of such soldiers and sailors are entitled (if not remarried) whether soldier's death was due to army service or not, if **now** dependent upon their own labor for support. Widows **not** dependent upon their own labor are entitled if the soldier's death **was** due to service.

CHILDREN are entitled (if under sixteen years) **in almost all cases where there was no** widow, or she has since died or remarried.

PARENTS are entitled if soldier **left neither widow nor child**, provided **soldier died in service**, or **from effects of service**, and they are **now dependent** upon their own labor for support. It makes **no** difference whether soldier served or died in late war or in regular army or navy.

Soldiers of the late war, pensioned **under one law, may apply for higher rates under other laws, without losing any rights.**

Thousands of soldiers drawing from $8 to $30 per month under the **old law** are entitled to **higher rates** under **new law**, not only on account of disabilities for which now pensioned, but also for others, **whether due to service or not.**

Soldiers and sailors disabled in line of duty in **regular army or navy since the war are also entitled**, whether discharged for disability or not.

Survivors, and their widows, of the **Black Hawk, Creek, Cherokee and Seminole or Florida Indian Wars of 1832 to 1842, are entitled under a recent act.**

Mexican War soldiers and their widows also entitled, if sixty-two years of age or disabled or dependent.

Old claims completed and settlement obtained, whether pension has been granted under later laws or not.

Rejected claims reopened and settlement secured, if rejection improper or illegal.

Certificates of service and discharge obtained for soldiers and sailors of the late war who have lost their original papers.

Send for laws and information. No charge for advice. No fee unless successful. Address,

THE PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY,
JOHN WEDDERBURN, Managing Attorney,
P. O. Box 463. WASHINGTON, D. C.

Humorous.

WAS IT WISE?

When 'neath the star-light long ago
I read "I love you!" in your eyes
Of wondrous blue—you told me, "No,
'Twould not be wise!"

The pain I endured touched you, too;
I saw your tears and heard your sighs;
With bitter jest I went my way—
I was not wise!

They told me you had passed to rank
And wealth and all that beauty buys;
I cursed my fate, yet knew full well
That you were wise!

But yesterday I watched you pass
(All tired and world-dimmed those blue eyes),
And wondered to myself, "Alas!
Was it quite wise?"

—U. N. News.

A bad debt—The owing of a grudge.

What is the best way to curb a wild young man?—To bridal him.

A Boston woman speaks of a dirt wagon as a "real estate conveyance."

Typewriter girls are all right, but the telephone girl receives the most calls.

"There wasn't a dry eye in the party." "Indeed?" "No; everybody was winking at the soda-water girl."

What is a friend? A friend is a man who points out the silver lining in the clouds to avoid lending you an umbrella.

He: "Her heart is as hard as glass. I can't make any impression on it."
She: "Have you tried a diamond?"

Grandpa's birthday.—"Many happy returns of the day, grandpa; and mamma says if you give us each fifty cents, we mustn't lose it."

In a coffee-house in New York the following hint was once stuck up by a witty wag: "Gentlemen learning to spell are requested to use yesterday's papers."

Father: "How about the gas? Is it improving in quality?"
Daughter: "It couldn't be better. When turned on full you can't see across the room."

He: "I wish I had the key to your heart."
She: "Indeed! What would you do with it?"
He: "Insert it in wedlock, give one turn and throw it away forever."

"Look here, old man, oughtn't you to keep that boy of yours a little more in check?"
"My friend, I do my best; this is the fourth one I've sent him this month."

Little Miss Suburb: "It's just too mean for anything!"
Mrs. Suburb: "What is, pet?"
Little Miss Suburb: "It's rained every day since I got my new watering pot."

Colin: "Why should you weep and be so angry, Belle, since you refused Harry flatly of your own accord?"
Belle: "To think the idiot should go and take me at my word! Oh, it's terrible!"

In the midst of a discussion, a gentleman rose to settle the matter in dispute. Waving his hands majestically, he began: "Gentlemen, all I want is common sense."
"Exactly," interrupted Jerrold; "that is precisely what you do want."

The friends of a great wit expressed some surprise that, at his age, and with his fondness for the bottle, he should have thought it necessary to marry. "A wife was necessary," he said. "My acquaintances began to say that I drank too much for a single man."

Taper: "I should like two weeks' absence to attend the wedding of a very dear friend."
Mr. Gingham: "It must be a very dear friend, indeed, to make you want that much time. Who is it?"
Taper: "Well, sir, after the ceremony she will be my wife."

A traveler stopped at an inn to breakfast, and having drunk a cup of what was given to him, the servant asked, "What will you take, sir, tea or coffee?"
"That depends upon circumstances," was the reply. "If what you gave me last was tea, I want coffee; if it was coffee, I want tea. I want a change."

"I hate to see a woman with rings in her ears!" exclaimed the good deacon; "they ain't natural! If it was intended for woman to wear them she would have been born with holes in her ears. The first woman didn't wear rings, I'll be bound!" "No," remarked the quiet little man in the corner, "nor nothing else." The discussion was adjourned without delay.

Inventor: "Now I've struck it. I have invented a new life-saving contrivance for trolley cars. Look at the drawings."
Friend: "Too complicated. Sure to be expensive. No road will buy it."
Inventor: "They won't, eh! Just wait. They will actually tumble over each other in their haste to adopt it. My machine raises the victim from the track and pitches him over the dashboard into the car, where the conductor can collect his fare."

SHE HAD THE LAST WORD.—In the Island of Dominica, and high up on its mountain, is a place called Salibia, which is inhabited by the last of the Caribs, the original warlike inhabitants of the West India islands. These people have forgotten their own language, and now speak an almost unintelligible jargon of English. But a few years ago, the last Carib who could speak the native dialect of the aborigines of Dominica died of old age, and was buried near Salibia. Curiously enough, but just as might be expected when some person had to say the "last word" ever to be spoken in the Caribbees, this ultimate Carib was a woman. With remarkable patience, the other survivors of her nation waited until this old lady, with her last word of their native tongue on her dying lips, departed this life, taking with her into everlasting silence all that was left of a language of which she had for many years enjoyed a tyrannous and exasperating monopoly.

"HE" AND "I."—What in the world is to be done with those otherwise good people who persist, in conversation, in using "I" and "he" in the objective. Most of these people know better, though some of them are college graduate; but they go on saying: "Will you go with Dick and I to the symphony?" and even: "It was between he and I," though they would never, of course, say: "Will you go with I?" The number of people who use this solecism is apparently increasing. Public school teachers use it, and the sound of it is not altogether unfamiliar in what is called good society, though "me and him did it" is not a whit more ungrammatical than "between you and I." Evidently some people use the phrase without knowing that they do it; but why should they? Still other people, who have been taught that "me and him went" is not correct, ignorantly suppose that "between you and me" is also ungrammatical.

"SEVERAL YEARS AGO," remarks a correspondent I knew a man who lived on the outskirts of my town who could throw a stone with more accuracy of aim than is displayed by most sportsmen with a rifle. The man was a perfect giant physically. He was a good deal of a hunter, using stones as his only weapon to bring down the game. He had a large leather pouch attached to one side of his coat, in which he always carried a good supply of carefully selected missiles. With these he bagged every year no small quantity of game, such as quail, rabbits, and squirrels. He could kill a bird on the wing or a rabbit at full speed almost as easily as at rest. One of his favorite methods for displaying his skill was to set up a scythe-blade with the edge toward him at a distance of about 100 feet, and by throwing potatoes against the edge to cut them in half. He could almost halve two out of every three potatoes he threw."

SAUCE FIT FOR BOTH.—A gentleman has a little boy who, on account of his mother being an invalid, has been under the especial care of his nurse. During the summer however his mother went away for the season, taking the little boy and his grandmother. Being unused to receiving orders from his mother, he at one time rebelled, and she was obliged to punish him. To this he demurred, affirming that only the nurse had a right to punish him; and, going to his grandmother, he complained that his mother had struck him. "That was right," said she, "if you were naughty; she is your mother, and has a right to whip you if you don't behave well." The little fellow, sobbing, asked, "Have mothers a right to strike their children?" "Certainly," she replied. "Are you her mother?" he asked. "To be sure I am." "Well, then," cried he, "hit her!"

BLACK INK.—No chemical black ink has yet made been made which will write black immediately on exposure. The common black ink is made of nutgalls, and is by all odds the best ink ever made. Manuscripts written in this black ink 500 or 600 years ago are just as legible to day as when first written. The chemical inks of the present are of too recent invention to determine whether they will last, but it is quite probable that most of them will be as legible at the end of fifty or seventy-five years as they are to day. There is, however, a fortune in store for the man who will invent a chemical black ink which will write black at the first and remain so.

SUPERSTITION.—General Lord Wolseley in a recently published letter writes: "I not only believe in many superstitions, but I hug them with the warmest affection. They link me, if not with a spiritual world of which I know nothing, at least with a glorious and artistic and picturesque past, of which history has told me much. I believe in ghosts and in amulets; I have worn out the rims of several hats since I have been in Dublin through my salutations of single magpies—that mystic bird abounds in Ireland—and I would not on any account walk under a ladder, etc.; in fact, I am prone to adopt any superstition I am told of which I find others believe in."

BRIGHT EYES
—AND—
Blonde and Brunette,

Companion Pictures in Beautiful Colors as a Premium to Subscribers to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

One objection to picture-premiums is that they have to be framed afterwards. THE SATURDAY EVENING POST gets over this difficulty and expense in the pair of magnificent new companion pictures, in beautiful colors, they are now offering, "BRIGHT EYES" and "BLONDE AND BRUNETTE." These pictures are two of the most beautifully-artistic, finely-colored and life-like portraitures of childhood ever put before the public. No description can give an idea of their loveliness, beauty and charm. They must be seen to be appreciated. But their chief advantage is that just as we send them they may be hung up WITHOUT FRAME OR GLASS. The frame is done without by their being held between strong, highly-polished brass borders, with hook for hanging, and the usual glass is dispensed with by the high, clear varnish, enabling the pictures to be rubbed off and dusted without injury to the delicate colors beneath. The pictures are mounted on strong paper, are 16x22 inches in size, and will be sent to every person who sends to us, direct, $2.00 for a year's subscription. Address

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
736 Sansom St., Phila., Pa.

DOLLARD & CO.,

TOUPEE

WIG

1223
CHESTNUT ST.,
Philadelphia,
Premier Artistes
IN HAIR.

Inventors of the CELEBRATED GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG, ELASTIC BAND TOUPEES, and Manufacturers of Every Description of Ornamental Hair for Ladies and Gentlemen.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.	FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead back as far as laid.	No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck, No. 2.
No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.	No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.	No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 20, '93. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract of Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS.
Ex-Member of Congress, 6th District.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

DOLLARD & CO.,
1223 CHESTNUT STREET.

GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING.
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.
None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

DEER PARK AND OAKLAND

ON THE CREST OF THE ALLEGHANIES

(MAIN LINE B. & O. R. R.)

SEASON OPENS JUNE 23d, 1894.

Rates, $60, $75 and $90 a month, according to location. Address

GEORGE D. DeSHIELDS, Manager,
Cumberland, Md., up to June 10; after that date, either Deer Park or Oakland, Garrett County, Md.

Reading Railroad.

Anthracite Coal. No Smoke. No Cinders.

On and after MAY 31, 1894.

Trains Leave Reading Terminal, Philada.

Buffalo Day Express	daily 9.00 a m	Via L. V. R. R.
Parlor and Dining Car		
Chicago Express (Sleeper) daily 6.45 p m		
Buffalo Express (Sleeper) daily 9.45 p m		
Williamsport Exp. (Parlor Cars)	w'k d's 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 p m	
Williamsport Night Exp. (Sleeper) daily 11.30 p m.		

FOR NEW YORK.

4.10, 7.20 (two-hour train), 8.30, 9.45, 11.31 a m, (12.57, p m from 24th and Chestnut streets—Dining Car), 1.30, 3.30, 5.15, (6.12 from 24th and Chestnut) 8.35, (dining car), p m, 12.10 night. Sundays—4.10, 8.30, 9.45, 11.31 a m, 3.30 p m, (6.12 from 24th and Chestnut,) 8.35 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 11.30, a m, 1.30, 5.00, 8.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 8.05, 8.00, 9.00 a m, 2.00, 4.30, 5.20, 6.45, 9.45 p m. Sundays—8.27, 8.05, 9.00 a m, 4.15, 6.45, 9.45 p m.

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40, 11.08 a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30, 11.42 a m, 5.30, p m.

For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40, a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 5.30 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6 02 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, a m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40 a m, 1.40 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 5.30 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin Express, week-days, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves: Week-days—Express 9.00 a m, (Saturday only 1.30) 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00 p m. Accom., 8.00 a m, 5.45 p m. Sundays—Express, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accom., 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Leave Atlantic City Depot; week-days—Express, 7.00, 7.45, 9.00 a m, 3.30, 5.30 p m., Accom., 8.10 a m, 4.30 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 5.45, 8.00 p m. Accom., 7.15 a m, 4.15 p m.

Parlor Cars on all express trains.

Brigantine, week-days, 9.00 a m, 5.00 p m. Sundays, 9.00 a m, 4.30 p m. Leave Brigantine, week-days, 8.15 a m, 5.00 p m. Sundays, 6.35 a m, 5.30 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, N. E. corner, Broad and Chestnut, 832 Chestnut street, 29 S. Tenth street, 609 S. Third street, 3902 Market street and at stations.

Union Transfer Company will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences.

I. A. SWEIGARD, General Superintendent. C. G. HANCOCK, General Passenger Agent.

PATENTS

Caveats, Trade-marks, Design Patents, Copyrights,

And all Patent business conducted for

MODERATE FEES.

Information and advice given to inventors without charge. Address

PRESS CLAIMS CO.,
JOHN WEDDERBURN,
Managing Attorney.

P. O. BOX 463. WASHINGTON, D. C.

☞This Company is managed by a combination of the largest and most influential newspapers in the United States, for the express purpose of **protecting their subscribers** against unscrupulous and incompetent Patent Agents, and each paper printing this advertisement vouches for the responsibility and high standing of the Press Claims Company.

DEXTER SHOE CO., Inc'p. Capital, $1,000,000.
BEST $1.50 SHOE IN THE WORLD.
"A dollar saved is a dollar earned."
This Ladies' Solid French Dongola Kid Button Boot delivered free anywhere in the U.S., on receipt of Cash, Money Order, or Postal Note for $1.50. Equals every way the boots sold in all retail stores for $2.50. We make this boot ourselves, therefore we *guarantee the fit, style and wear*, and if any one is not satisfied we will refund the money or send another pair. Opera Toe or Common Sense, widths C, D, E, & EE, sizes 1 to 8 and half sizes. *Send your size; we will fit you.* Illustrated Catalogue FREE

DEXTER SHOE CO., 143 FEDERAL ST., BOSTON, MASS.
Special terms to Dealers.

MAGIC LANTERNS
AND VIEWS.

For Public Lectures, School, Church or Home.

WORLD'S FAIR

and other interesting subjects. Send 2c. stamp for Catalogue.

J. W. MARCY SCIOPTICON CO.,
1026 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

WORK FOR ALL. $75 a month salary and expenses paid. If you want employment write at once to P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.